No. 1478—Vol. 57

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

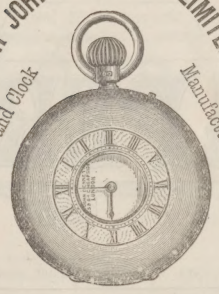
September 28, 1889

Registered at the General Post-Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

PERILS OF OUR JACK TARS: WRECK OF THE BRITISH GUN-BOAT LILY OFF THE LABRADOR COAST.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LIMITED,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers.



£10.
In return for a £10 Note, free and safe per post, one of
BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS HALF-HUNTING WATCHES.
Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold Chains at Manufacturers' Prices.

£5.
The CHEAPSIDE 4-plate KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.
With chronometer balance, and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong silver case with crystal glass. The cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust-tight. Free and safe per post, 5s.

£25.
The "SIR JOHN."
A Standard Gold Keyless 3-plate Half-Chronometer Watch. Accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with monogram or crest richly emblazoned.

CLOCKS.
The FINEST STOCK in LONDON at PRICES LOWER THAN EVER. Estimates for TURRET CLOCKS. Catalogues post free.

Silver Watches from £2 0 0
Gold Watches from .. £5 0 0
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELLERY promptly and skilfully Repaired. Estimates given, including carriage.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD., 65 & 64, Cheapside, E.C.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,
Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is
SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL TROCHES

☞ Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza, Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh, Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS, And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

NOTICE.
See that the words "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.

WILKIE COLLINS'S "BLIND LOVE."

THE engrossing romance of "BLIND LOVE" was the last work of Wilkie Collins, the great English novelist whose loss is universally mourned. By arrangement with the Proprietors of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," the new Serial Story of "BLIND LOVE," abounding in vivid incidents delineated by M. Forestier with rare force, will be commenced in "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" on the 12th of October. To secure the constant delivery of this Journal, it is advisable to order the weekly copy in advance of any Newsagent in the Kingdom.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Wilkie Collins.

POOR Wilkie Collins is gone at last. None of the callers at the old house in Wimpole-street expected him to last much longer, for bronchitis came in as a complication on the top of the paralytic stroke which first laid him low. To the last Wilkie Collins was a hard worker. He had only a few thousands—not, I believe, more than £7000 or £8000—laid by, for, though we have been reading him for the last forty years, he has never realised very great sums for his works. It is certainly curious that Carlyle should have died worth £22,000, and Wilkie Collins, who must have had hundreds of thousands of readers, not one eighth of that sum. But the old novelist was always a modest, retiring gentleman, who never pushed his wares. He was an old and close friend of Dickens, but of late years he had dropped a good deal out of literary circles, so that while Mr. Haggard has been making his thousands, and been the lion of half a dozen mutual-admiration societies, Wilkie Collins—who is worth twenty of him—has had to content himself with adding a few hundreds to his modest pile. Personally he was below the middle height, broad-shouldered, with a fine massive head, and dark glittering eyes. Of late years he fell into the bad habit of taking laudanum or chloral, and seriously affected both his health and his capacity for turning out good work. We are not so rich in first-class novelists as not to deplore the death of the master who once held us spell-bound with "The Woman in White."

THE LATE WILKIE COLLINS.

Boulanger's Opponent.

To my mind a good deal of the interest in the French elections attaches to the contest between Boulanger and M. Joffrin for Montmartre. No one of Joffrin's friends expected him to win, but very few of them thought he would make as good a run against the General as he did. I happened to meet M. Joffrin in Paris, at the Hôtel de Ville, some months ago, and was much interested in his personality and history. He is practically the John Burns of Paris; that is to say, he is an orator, and leader of the moderate Socialist party known as the Possibilists. He is an orator of considerable power, and is Vice-President of the Municipal Council, which corresponds to our County Council, and has done good work in the interests of the Parisian workmen. He is an engineer by trade, and a very simple-minded, quiet, unambitious fellow into the bargain, without John Burns's magnetic personality and striking face, and in fact resembles more the type of the English working man than the typical Frenchman. Unhappily, poor M. Joffrin's career will in all probability be a short one. He is suffering from cancer in the face and neck, for which, when I saw him, he had recently undergone an operation. The operations can only postpone the end, and when that comes the small party which practically controls the policy of the Council will want a thoroughly honest and conscientious leader. M. Joffrin, like all the members of the Possibilist Party, is extremely poor. He is only just able to live, and has a modest, almost bare, home in Paris with his old stepfather, whom he has to tend in addition to bearing the terrible sufferings produced by his complaint.

M. Clemenceau.

Another Frenchman of whom we are likely to hear a good deal in the next six months is M. Clémenceau, the leader of the Radicals. The first time I saw Clémenceau was in Victor Hugo's funeral procession, with Rochefort's shock head of grey hair and striking irregular features in very near proximity. Clémenceau is a complete physical contrast to Rochefort. Dapper, neatly dressed, with a carefully kept moustache, Clémenceau looks like a sharp doctor—which, in fact, he is by profession—and with a certain air of refinement and *savoir faire* which bespeaks the man of the world. He is not a person to inspire much enthusiasm. He is not, like Gambetta, a genial, expansive mortal, full of fire and ebullience, beloved of women, adored by his friends, and admired even by his enemies. Clémenceau's temperament is phlegmatic, his mental habit is calculating, his manners are singularly cold for a Frenchman. But he is what his countrymen called *un homme fort*—he has strength, character, decision. He is an Individualist Radical, a bitter Anti-Clerical, and was the leader of the opposition to M. Ferry's forward colonial policy. He answers very much to the English Radical of the old school. He has destroyed many French Ministries, but he has never been able to form one of his own. He lacks constructive power, just as he lacks the warmth and attractive personality which go for so much in politics, and which have literally made Boulanger. I don't think he will ever be a greater success in politics than he has been already—which means that he will always be dangerous and powerful, but that he will never be the leader of French democracy.

Lady Colin Campbell.

I have not read Lady Colin Campbell's book, but I hear that it is selling very well. She deserves her success, for, with very little money and with the burden of a great scandal behind her, she has set herself resolutely to work to make her living and to keep her position in society. This she has done. She always wrote well, and the *Saturday Review* was generally ready to take her work. Of late she has done a good deal of the better kind of women's gossip for the *World*, and her weekly article under the Russian pseudonym is always written forcibly, and sometimes is really brilliant. Lady Colin, too, as I said, has contrived to keep her place in society. The dresses are simpler than in the old gorgeous days, when the great handsome creature, with her magnificent black eyes and swarthy complexion and raven black hair, used to dazzle people with rich but very carefully combined costumes; but at "private views," at-homes, receptions, and the rest she still continues to be the observed of all observers. She is now regularly embarked in journalism, has taken to art criticism, is a regular first-nighter, and takes to her new life with the keenest enjoyment.

Mr. Gladstone at Paris.

I was talking the other day to a gentleman who had just met Mr. Gladstone on his return from Paris. The Grand Old Man confessed that he had been very much bored as well as interested. The Eiffel Tower he did not like, and went up very much against his will, for he hates looking down from heights. He thought the Exhibition wonderful, but that too fatigued him. The French speech was practically an impromptu. Five minutes beforehand he was asked to speak in French, and said that he would try what he could do, but was not sure he could succeed. The result was a triumph.

The National Party.

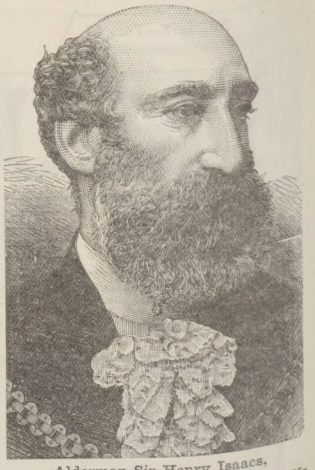
The talk of the time is the New National Party. I have heard a good deal of it before, and never saw much reason to believe in it, or to regard it as a possible development. But now I hear a different account. I happen to know that it was one of the first proposals which Mr. Chamberlain made to the other Unionist leaders when he definitely left Mr. Gladstone, and decided against Home Rule. Nothing came of it then, and, in despair, Mr. Chamberlain discussed with his intimate friends the possibility of his joining the Conservative ranks. At one time he was thoroughly determined that this was the best solution of the difficulty. Meanwhile, however, the idea of a National Party went ahead somewhat, and I believe at this moment Mr. Chamberlain has both Lord Salisbury's and Lord Hartington's opinion that a change of name for the whole Unionist Party, including, of course, the Conservatives, might possibly be of advantage. We shall know more soon. But I confess I should not be surprised to find that Mr. Chamberlain's pet scheme has succeeded at last.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

A violent assault was committed upon Mr. D. G. Macrae, editor of the *Financial Times*, on Saturday afternoon. Legal proceedings have for some time been pending between Mr. Macrae and a Mr. Macdonald Green, and by order of Mr. Justice Pollock an examination of the parties was on Saturday held at the Chambers of Mr. Edward Bray, 4, Crown Office-row, Temple. Messrs. Macrae and Green were leaving the Chambers, when, it is alleged, Green invited his companion to precede him, and forthwith pushed him down a flight of stone stairs, afterwards striking him with his walking-stick as he lay stunned upon the floor. Green was secured, and conveyed to the Bridewell Police-Court, where a loaded revolver was found upon him. He was taken before the Magistrate at the Mansion House, and charged with an attempt to murder.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

FACTS AND FACES.

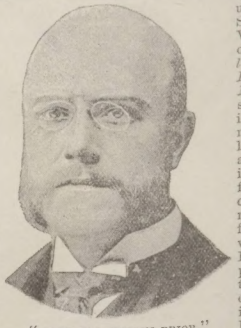


Alderman Sir Henry Isaacs.

who will in all probability be the Lord Mayor-Elect, is a citizen of great kindliness and good-nature. I am glad to be first in the field with a portrait of him, after the lifelike photograph taken by Mr. Alexander Bassano, of Old Bond-street, photographer to the Queen. Henry A. Isaacs was born in 1830. The public will be interested to know that he is the son of the late Mr. Michael Isaacs, by Sara, daughter of the late Señor De Mendoza, one of the estimable family to which Lord Beaconsfield was related on his mother's side. Shrewd and genial head of the firm of Messrs. M. Isaacs and Son, Fruit Brokers, of Monument-yard, and of a similarly named firm in Hull, Alderman Henry Isaacs is admirably fitted by his prolonged business experience in the City of London to fill the onerous post of Lord Mayor with credit and honour. He has represented the Ward of Aldgate with unfailing urbanity for about a quarter of a century. He ranks high as a Mason. He had the happiness in 1849 to be married to a daughter of Captain A. M. Rowland. And, I may add, Alderman Isaacs has so wide a personal knowledge of the shipping interests of the Port of London that it is to be hoped wise and timely action on his part will avert any Dockers' strike that may threaten us in the future.

Mr. Melton Prior.

Pending the great European War which we all trust may not come off, gay and vivacious Melton Prior, the ubiquitous Special War Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, is shouldering his magic-lantern, and showing his fellow-countrymen how fields were won in the British Expedition to the Soudan. His illustrated lectures on the Burmese War and the Nile Expedition afford the public the best notions of the real nature of warfare given since Archibald Forbes delivered his animated war lectures. In passing, let me say how earnestly we all hope Mr. Forbes, who has been seeking health in Berkshire, may soon be himself again, and delight us all once more with his zestful and refreshing heartiness. While Archibald Forbes has returned to town not at all so well as we could wish him to be, his old chum and companion in more than one campaign, Melton Prior, continues to be merry as a grig, the festive friend of millionaires, and the "lion" of quiet tea parties in Lee. Equally at home at a Court function, or in the wake of a Whitechapel Mystery; in an Ashantee Campaign with Garnet Wolseley, or a Zulu War with Lord Chelmsford; bronzed alike by the sun of Coomassie and the burning heat of Burmah; familiar with Iceland and Chili, Panama, the States, Canada, South Africa, and Australia, Melton Prior has an inexhaustible store of recollections to fall back upon. Blue-eyed, bald, and dapper, he ever looks as if he had just jumped out of a bandbox—no matter how severe the latest War tussle may have been he has emerged from. He is a veritable Mark Tapley in the art of keeping



"GOOD OLD MELTON PRIOR."

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S PEARLINE OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

up his spirits: and I strongly counsel everyone who has the opportunity to book a place for any of Mr. Melton Prior's *Illustrated News* War Lectures, which the lively War Artist has resumed this week at Eastbourne Townhall.

The Paris Exhibition Again.

Like most of the members of the *P. I. P.* staff, I have been to see the Paris Exhibition. My readers have heard almost enough of the big show, I think. Certainly it is the largest and in every way the grandest that has ever been held. France comes to the front with indescribable magnificence. England, on the other hand, scarcely does justice to her position as a great commercial nation. Her goods are very much cornered, and, in fact, one feels very vexed that she did not do more. Only to think of the big advertisement! Eighteen millions of people have already paid for admission to the Exhibition, and there are more to follow. Paris is fuller than ever, and at the hotels people are sleeping on the billiard-tables and in the corridors.

A PARISIENNE.

Paris in Election Time.

The election has made little difference to the visitors. I passed through the city on Sunday morning, and all was gay and festive as usual, but eminently quiet kind of festivity. One is, however, reminded of the election by the placards everywhere. They cover the public buildings, and disfigure the monuments and trees to an extent that would scarcely be credited. Conceive of an election in London with the pedestals of all our monuments — what few we have — covered with all the colours of the rainbow: and Somerset House, the New Law Courts, the Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange, and even some of the church doors, so plastered with paper that you could not see a bit of the stonework, and you will form some idea of the condition of the public buildings in Paris at the present time. They are public property, the Frenchman will tell you, and are for public uses—surely a too extreme ideal of democracy! The names of Hervé and Binder well nigh made me blaspheme, they appeared so frequently. Well, no doubt they are excellent men, but I was glad that MM. Hervé and Binder were defeated.

A PARISIAN.

La Tour Eiffel.

One word about the Eiffel Tower. I note that nearly everybody in England speaks of it as the Eiffel Tower—pronounced "I fell"—surely an ominous name; but if M. Eiffel were a Frenchman it would be correct enough. However, in French it should be pronounced something between "e fell" and "If fell." A truly wonderful structure it is, and there is no more exciting of falling as one ascends than there is in going up a lift in a London hotel. By the by, the method of putting a penny into a slot, by which we can obtain a "Souvenir de mon Ascension" in the shape of a portrait of M. Eiffel.

German Heads Broken Here!

There is a miniature railway running nearly round the Exhibition, and its open carriages come so near the trees that the advice, "Beware of the trees, Put not out your head or legs," is very necessary. This warning is placarded all along the route. It is in every language under the sun, not only all the European languages, but Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Hindostanee, and Latin and Greek. No, not every language. The German tongue is conspicuously absent. The poor German, who, although unrepresented in commerce, is very abundant in person, is welcome to break his head or legs.

"Form! Riflemen, Form!"

These verses, written in the early period of the Volunteer movement, I saw the other day ascribed to Dean Trench. The idea was quite absurd, they are so utterly unlike anything he would have written. As a matter of fact, while Tennyson was residing for a brief period in Berkshire he was requested to write a few lines for the Berkshire Volunteers, and afterwards the lines were printed in the *Times* signed "T." But the poet does not seem to have thought them worthy of preservation.

Dr. Forbes Winslow's Clues to "Jack the Ripper."

Dr. Forbes Winslow courteously allowed an Artist of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to sketch the alleged clues to "Jack the Ripper" in his possession at 70, Wimpole-street. Behold the result:—

DR. FORBES WINSLOW AND THE SUPPOSED BOOTS OF "JACK THE RIPPER."

Dr. Forbes Winslow says the boots are evidently of the Canadian type; and he asserts, moreover, that they are one of three pairs which "Jack the Ripper" used to wear at night, so as to deaden the sound of his footsteps. How did they fall into the Doctor's hands? That's his secret. Suffice it to add that he feels certain he is on the murderer's track, and that his arrest may be effected at any moment. If this be the case, it is surely the duty of Dr. Forbes Winslow to place all the facts before the authorities at Great Scotland-yard.

Amy Levy.

Death has been busy lately in literature. Mr. Wilkie Collins's death is noted elsewhere, but much sadder is that of Miss Amy Levy. Miss Levy was a gifted young Jewess who was educated at Newnham College. She had intellectual powers, combined with reserved manner, which suggested Emily Brontë's personality. If she had not Emily Brontë's poetic genius she had a brightness and charm which one hardly associates with the author of "Wuthering Heights." She wrote two novels, "Reuben Sachs" and "The Romance of a Shop," and three volumes of poetry. You should read "Reuben Sachs," which Messrs. Macmillan have just reissued in their admirable "Novel Series." She died by her own hand. Long had Miss Levy brooded over the "mystery of existence." Goethe used sometimes to hold a dagger to his heart while lying in bed and consider whether it were worth while solving the "mystery." Amy Levy was more morbid than the great German. "How pleasant it would be," she said to a friend, "to fade away into nothingness—to be nothing!" Finally, the other day, she procured some charcoal, and in the absence of the family shut herself in a room, and was there found a victim to the fatal fumes. Truly a sad end for a gifted and beautiful woman of seven-and-twenty. All that one can say has been effectively said by my friend Mr. Ernest Radford in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

She chose to die.
Grave here, beneath our helpless flowers,
"She chose to die"—
Alas! the sun forsook her sky
What while he gladdened other bowers.
She tasted life—a few sad hours—
Then chose to die.

Froudacity.

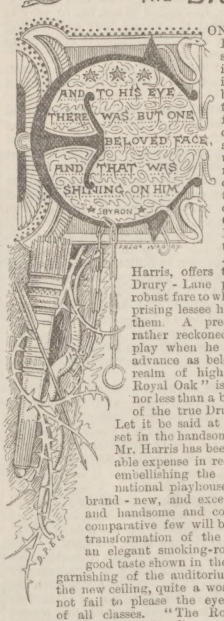
Another death that I am bound to note is that of Mr. J. J. Thomas, the talented negro, and author of "Froudacity" (T. Fisher Unwin). Under this title he gives us a scathing attack upon Mr. Froude. Mr. Froude, it will be remembered, gives us a very unsympathetic account of the West Indian negroes in "Oceana." Mr. Thomas, with the sympathetic encouragement of Dr. Furnivall and other English gentlemen, replied in no measured terms to what he calls the "baseless assertions of this conjurer-up of inconceivable fables!" Everyone who reads "Oceana" should read poor Mr. Thomas's "Froudacity." THE PROMPTER.

William Bowes Handford, clerk, was last Friday tried at the Old Bailey, for shooting his wife with intent to murder her. He was also indicted for shooting his mother-in-law, and for attempting to commit suicide. He was found guilty on the first charge, and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years.

A terrible calamity has occurred in the city of Quebec. On the evening of the 18th, a mass of rock, weighing thousands of tons, crashed down from under the King's Bastion on the citadel upon the street below, a distance of 300 ft., demolishing seven houses, and burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins. The total number of bodies recovered from the *debris* is now forty; while several persons are still missing. Many children are among the dead. There are some cases of whole families having perished.

A remarkable incident took place at Scarborough Aquarium on Saturday, the particulars of which are vouched for by eye-witnesses. Among those present at the noonday performance of the elephant Sheriff was Mr. Philburn, a detective in the Leeds Police Force. Mr. Philburn, owing to a facial disfigurement, bore a strong resemblance to Sheriff's former keeper, against whom the animal bears some resentment, and who had to be dispensed with for the man who has now charge of the animal. On Sheriff advancing in Mr. Philburn's direction it evidently at once perceived the resemblance, and with loud bellowing knocked the detective down. He was conveyed to the Leeds Hotel, and has sustained internal injuries of a somewhat serious nature.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA



CONTAINING a Royalist love-story as thrilling as any told in history, and having as central figure a fugitive King, compelled to seek flight under the most romantic circumstances, the new drama of "The Royal Oak," by Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. Augustus Harris, offers the patrons of Drury-Lane plenty of the robust fare to which the enterprising lessee has accustomed them. A precipitate critic rather reckoned without the play when he labelled it in advance as belonging to the realm of high art. "The Royal Oak" is nothing more nor less than a bold melodrama of the true Drury-Lane type. Let it be said at once that it is set in the handsomest of frames. Mr. Harris has been at considerable expense in redecorating and embellishing the inside of the national playhouse, which looks brand-new, and exceedingly bright and handsome and comfortable. A comparative few will benefit from the transformation of the vestibule into an elegant smoking-room. But the good taste shown in the painting and garnishing of the auditorium—notably in the new ceiling, quite a work of art—cannot fail to please the eyes of playgoers of all classes. "The Royal Oak" is a vigorously written Cavalier and Roundhead piece, the main fault of which is the repetition of certain episodes, bringing about more than one anticlimax. History is against the unfair exaltation of the Royalists of the Stuart period at the expense of those sturdy champions of the People's rights the Cromwellians. But this doesn't weigh with playwrights. The late Colonel Richards, editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, was the only exception I can call to mind at the moment: in his national drama he paid Cromwell the homage that was his due. With the Royalist sentiments of "The Royal Oak" the Duke of Teck and the charming Princess Victoria appeared to be well content; and one venerable stallite, possibly a descendant of the Stuarts, was so carried away as to wave his programme to signify his delight. Perhaps the bulk of the audience felt more interest in the efforts of the gallant Cavalier knight Dorian and his pretty sweetheart, Mildred Clavering, to spirit King Charles out of England in safety; in the duel of wits between sour Colonel Aucketell and sweet Mildred; and, above all, in the conversion or perversion of Walk-in-the-Way-Dear-Love Harry Nicholls from a canting psalm-singer into a dashing Cavalier, who checkmates the Colonel in the nick of time to enable Mildred to save her lover from the scaffold on Tower-hill. It is pert and ready Patty (most admirably played by Miss Fanny Brough) who effects this conversion; and most amusing are all the episodes between droll Harry Nicholls and this sprightly actress. With refreshing ease does Mr. Henry Neville comport himself as the King; and Mr. Arthur Dacre makes a sufficiently dashing Dorian; while Miss Winifred Emery exerted herself much in the arduous part of Mildred. Not quite so stately as she was as Queen Elizabeth, but quite stately enough, was Miss Ada Neilson as Lady Cholmondeley; and Mr. Luigi Lablache's designing Colonel formed the requisite foil to the fair-haired Cavalier of Mr. Dacre. The most notable scene was the fresh, green forest with the gnarled old oak, in the trunk of which the King seeks safety, and in front of which clever Master Frank Stephens, as a devoted little Royalist, loses his life to save his Majesty. But "The Royal Oak" needs to be deprived of many superfluous branches, and to be trimmed and re-trimmed, before it can draw the town as "The Armada" did.

Playgoers flock to-night to the Lyceum to enjoy the grand theatrical feast Mr. Irving has elaborated for them in the revival of Mr. Watts Phillipps's French revolutionary drama "The Dead Heart." I return to the liveliest new drama in London, the successful piece at the Adelphi, to recommend everyone who needs rousing to hasten to see it, and to call attention to the Illustration of the chief characters in "London Day by Day" on another page. Go and laugh at the droll sayings Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt have put into the mouths of Mr. Lionel Rignold and Mr. Johnny Shine, Miss Jecks, and Miss James, the street boy. Just the sort of play to wake you up! Speaking of drama, Miss Grace Hawthorne and Mr. Kelly bring the run of "Proof" to a close, in order to redecorate the Princess's, which is to be shortly reopened with a new play.

Miss Nellie Farren must have been greatly inspirited by the enthusiastic welcome accorded to her, as Queen of Burlesque, at the Gaiety Theatre, last Saturday night. The return of the Gaiety Company to the old familiar boards, after a tour round the world, was the occasion, indeed, of one of the most uproarious receptions ever witnessed in a playhouse. When Miss Farren, looking six-and-twenty rather than six-and-forty, slim and neat in figure as ever, first came on in the black tights of "Ruy Blas," her great popularity was proved to demonstration. The gallery "gods" ran out a banner, on which was written, "The 'boys' welcome their Nellie." It seemed as if the cheering would never end. Allowing something for organisation, it was, all the same, an extraordinary greeting. Similarly hearty receptions were accorded to Miss Marion Hood, Mr. Fred Leslie, Miss Sylvia Grey, Miss Letty Lind, Mr. Charles Danby, and Mr. Storey. Mr. George Edwardes, for his part, had beautified the Gaiety almost beyond knowledge; one of the most useful as well as ornamental additions being polite Mr. J. G. Abud. "Ruy Blas and the Blasé Roué" (sparkling music by Herr Meyer Lütz; libretto by Mr. A. C. Torr and Mr. H. F. Clark) is superbly costumed and mounted, dresses and scenery being really magnificent; but it wants "working up" to be thoroughly effective. The most mirth-moving song in the piece was Mr. Leslie's Irish-Scotch song in Scotch-Irish costume. But both Mr. Leslie and Miss Farren sang and danced their hardest to keep up our

MISS FARREN.
From a New York Photograph.

spirits; Miss Farren's "Crossing-Sweeper's Love" was irresistible; Miss Marion Hood sang her sweetest; and the *pas seuls* of Letty Lind and Silvia Grey were sylphlike as ever; while the agile dancing of Fred Storey even surpassed poor Fred Vokes's high kicks in agility. The quaint character-dance was also very funny. But "Ruy Blas" will be much brighter and will go much better by-and-by. See if it doesn't. THESPIS.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The Lord Mayor's Fund.

THERE have lately been some paragraphs going the round of the papers to indicate what is to be done with the Lord Mayor's Fund, and then there were other paragraphs which stigmatised the first paragraphs as unauthorised and inaccurate. I believe that the fault of the news lay in this, that it gave as settled and positive what is to be done with the money, whereas the position was that the sub-committee had recommended the disposal of the fund in a certain manner, which the full Committee is pretty certain to adopt. Anyhow, we may take this as pretty certain, that the Lord Mayor has raised not £100,000, but £45,000, and, calculating expenses in the light of Lord Wolseley's equipment circular, this will be more than sufficient to provide all the metropolitan regiments not already equipped with great-coats, haversacks, pouches for seventy rounds, water-bottles, and gaiters; pay off the debts of those corps which have obtained such things on credit and not yet completed the payment; and leave a balance which may or may not go towards the valises. When we get beyond the items named, Lord Wolseley says we are troubling about things with which we need not encumber ourselves for the

Fourteen Days' Campaign

which must, in an invasion, settle the fate of England. It is to be presumed that no account will be taken of the corps which long ago bought, and paid for, great-coats, &c. The commanding officers of these will now wish they had not been such very practical advocates of the cash system, but had gone tick till the Lord Mayor came to the rescue. As to the valises, it is probable that there is a hitch at head-quarters, for it is now being asserted by many who have had experience with regular troops fitted with the Slade-Wallace equipment that the valise is too small. So, perhaps, his Lordship had best hold his hand a bit after he has completed the articles set down in Lord Wolseley's "First List."

Lord Wantage

is anxious now to stir up the good people of Berks, Bucks, and Oxford—the district which supplies the battalions of his Home Counties Brigade—to provide him with a little Lord Mayor's Fund, to make his command ready at a moment's notice to mobilise at Guildford; and the same sort of patriotic movement is being pushed on in several other parts of the country. It should never be forgotten that the War Office long ago tacitly accepted the responsibility of equipping the Volunteers; but it is quite evident no Government has the pluck to seriously take the job in hand; and, if it must be done by the people, the sooner the people take it seriously in hand the better.

The New Rifles,

whose original issue was made so very quietly, and about which there has always been a deal of mystery, are, it may now be taken as settled, to be issued to the whole of the metropolitan Volunteers. The story of these guns is a trifle interesting, as they belong to a category which the public had forgotten, and which the War Office was quite content should remain forgotten. Just now we talk of the Martini-Henry, the present service weapon, and the Magazine rifle, which is yet to come—and possibly it may be still a long while coming; but between the two weapons the Government adopted another—

The Enfield Martini,

as it was called, and eighty thousand of them were made at Enfield before the manufacture was stopped, in presence of the demand for a Magazine gun. Eighty thousand guns which you propose never to use remind one of Crusoe's big boat. They have remained hidden up till recently, when they were taken out of store and altered back to the Martini-Henry pattern. EYES FRONT.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MICHAEL, horribly shaken and partially sobered by his encounter with Elsie, recovered a little when he found himself out of her presence. His already muddled brains had been so additionally disturbed by the shock that for a while he could think to no good purpose; and, except for an awful fear that Ralph's matrimonial scheme had come to sudden wreck, and that his own bones seemed likely to suffer in consequence, he had nothing resembling a definite idea in his head. The next notion which possessed him was to steady his shaking nerves by a nip of spirits; but recognising the necessity for immediate action, and fearing that further indulgence in that direction might incapacitate him, he wisely checked his desire. Coming presently to a yard in which a small boy was drawing water from a pump, he purchased, for a penny, the privilege of putting his head under the spout; and, after a thorough drenching, felt his wits a little clearer. The yard was deserted save for the boy; and, when he had staggered away with his bucket, Michael sat down upon the shaft of a coster's shallow, and, fixing his benefactor—the pump—with his eyes, set to work to consider his position.

To Michael sober the position seemed less disquieting than it had seemed to Michael drunk. He could conceive no reason that could have brought the young lady whom Ralph desired bigamously to marry to Bermondsey. That, hammer at it as he would, remained a mystery. The fact remained that he had seen her there, and not merely that, but had seen her issue from the house whose second floor was tenanted by Ralph's wife. But, supposing that the young lady had learned of Stasie's existence and of her relationship to Ralph, and had visited her for some reason or other which Michael owned himself unable to guess, Michael, conscious that they had come together by no fault of his, thought that the only unpleasant consequence which could ensue for him would be the stopping of his weekly pension. That would be sufficiently grievous, but it was less awful than to have the misfortune of that loss supplemented by any of the vague terrors he had seen prophesied in Ralph's coldly glittering eye that memorable night at Becksford. It was by no fault of his that the women had come together. The young lady had never seen him in her life until a quarter of an hour ago, and, being ignorant of his existence, could not denounce him to Ralph as her informant. Michael began to wish that he had not made such an egregious ass of himself in the interview just recorded. He had horribly disquieted himself, frightened the young lady, and amazed the Reverend Theophilus—and all for nothing. He had no very clear recollection of what he had said, and could only hope that he had let fall in his terror no hint which might betray Ralph's secret. For once in his life he had seen a desperate man, and what Ralph might do if he traced the failure of his hopes to Michael that worthy shuddered to think.

Everything considered, Michael made up his mind that the sooner he went home the sooner he would know if Stasie knew anything, or if the young lady's visit had been purely fortuitous. He went home quaking, and found Stasie not perceptibly altered in manner, and certainly not looking as if she had heard serious news of any kind. By a little adroit pumping he learned that Mr. Bamber and Miss Bramwell, accompanied by a new young lady who had taken to district-visiting, had called to ask her to play at a concert, and that the young lady was coming again to-morrow morning to rehearse her song to Stasie's accompaniment.

"And a sweet young lady she is," said Stasie, "though she looks as if she'd seen a peck of trouble."

Michael breathed more freely. Stasie knew nothing, and the young lady's presence in the district was perfectly and innocently accounted for. Still, her acquaintance with Elsie held such potentialities of danger to Ralph's scheme—for which Michael cared very little—and for Michael's weekly pension—for which he cared a great deal—that the worthy youth determined at once to warn Ralph.

With that object he waited until Stasie left the house with her fiddle in the grey of the evening, and sat down to indite a letter of warning to his principal. Literary composition did not come easy to Michael. He was diffident regarding his spelling, and he handled a pen rather as if it had been a hedge-stake of unusual size and weight. His style had at least one virtue—conciseness. After an hour's continuous effort he produced a blotted scrawl to the following effect:—

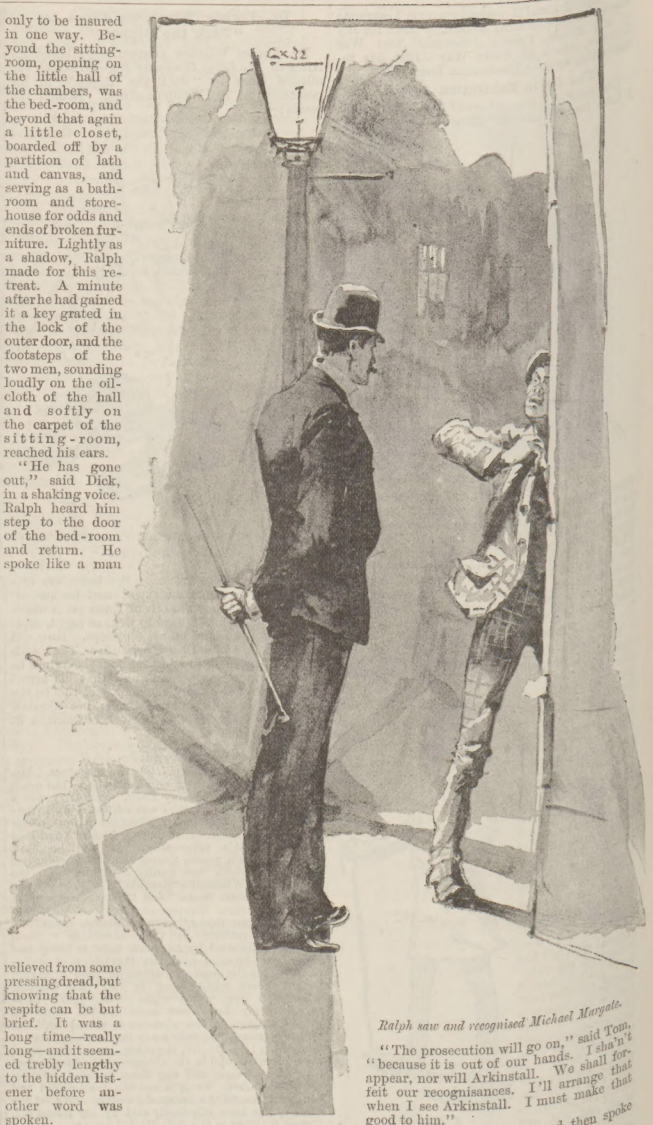
"Resspicted Sir,—This is to warN u to Watch it an kip yor I oppen. Stasy and Miss Arkans'Toll no eeche other and are giting quiet thik. Ther is dangr if U don wach it i send This weth mi douty i no mi Duoty an i dun it i am Tiled not a wurd ave i spOk abbout it Swelpmy. Thus coms huping it fines u well ass it leeves Me at presnt with rispikfl M. M."

Having thus relieved his sense of duty, Michael went out to post the letter, which he had superscribed to the only address he knew as likely to find Ralph, "the Manner huse, biksfurd." The post-office officials do marvellous things in the way of repairing the stupidity or ignorance of the letter-writing public. "The house with the green palings, Yorkshire," is not as explicit as might be wished, but there is an authentic legend of a letter so addressed getting to its destination, so that Michael's composition might have found its way into Ralph's hands in spite of the writer's unwitting precautions to the contrary. But in this instance official acumen was not doomed to be tested. Michael, turning a corner swiftly, came into sharp contact with a passenger walking in the opposite direction. His first impulse was towards reproachful profanity. This was checked on his plainer perception of the build of the offender, who was tall and broad, and Michael got out a word or two of oily excuse for his own clumsiness before he recognised Ralph.

To explain Ralph's presence in Bermondsey it will be necessary to go back for a few hours. Dick had left his chambers in the morning, telling his brother that he was uncertain of the hour of his return. It was their practice to lunch and dine together, sometimes at home, sometimes at one of the neighbouring restaurants, and Ralph, having sat alone in the condition of resignedly savage boredom which had lately become his staple condition of mind, until he was too hungry longer to await Dick's return, put on his hat, and was in the act of closing the outer oak of the chambers behind him, when a voice suddenly struck upon his ear. He stood for one second as if turned to stone, and then, with his limbs shaking and his face gone ashen, moved to the head of the stair, and, steadying himself by placing a hand upon the baluster, looked over, and saw his cousin, Tom Purden, slowly mounting the steps, leaning on Dick's arm.

He found time afterwards to wonder at his own calmness and resource. As if the sight of Tom's face had been the antidote of that poisonous fear which had frozen his blood at the sound of his voice, he stepped softly back, re-entered the chambers, and closed the door behind him. Escape was impossible: momentary safety was only to be insured in one way. Beyond the sitting-room, opening on the little hall of the chambers, was the bed-room, and beyond that again a little closet, boarded off by a partition of lath and canvas, and serving as a bath-room and store-house for odds and ends of broken furniture. Lightly as a shadow, Ralph made for this retreat. A minute after he had gained it a key grated in the lock of the outer door, and the footsteps of the two men, sounding loudly on the oil-cloth of the hall and softly on the carpet of the sitting-room, reached his ears.

"He has gone out," said Dick, in a shaking voice. Ralph heard him step to the door of the bed-room and return. He spoke like a man relieved from some pressing dread, but knowing that the respite can be but brief. It was a long time—really long—and it seemed trebly lengthy to the hidden listener before another word was spoken.



Ralph saw and recognised Michael Margate.

"I can't believe it of him even now you've said it, Tom," said Dick, walking with a fitful step about the room. "It's like a horrible nightmare."

"We have got to believe, it seems," Tom answered, his grave tones deepened. "My God!" he cried suddenly, "if those niggers had only done for me as they did for poor Groves and the rest! It would have been better than to come back to find the man I trusted and liked a thief."

"Not a thief, Tom! Not a thief! He paid the money."

"The money!" repeated Tom, with bitter emphasis. "What difference does that make?"

"Some, surely."

"None at all, to me. It's the base, black ingratitude of it! You know what I did for him. He was stone broke, and I set him on his legs again, gave him a regular income, and paid his debts, or gave him the money to pay them, which he went and threw away at the card-table. Paid the money? How did he get it to pay? On a racehorse. Suppose the horse hadn't won? What kind of a man is it who robs the man who helped him and trusts to such a chance as that to cover his villany? A thief—and a fool."

Like most men of his simple nature, Tom, when made really angry, was hard to pacify. He was not easily stirred to wrath, and this was probably the first occasion in his life on which he had ever spoken to a third person of any act of kindness he had done. With all his bonhomie and unwillingness to look at the black side of anything until it was forced upon his sight, there was a limit to his patience and forgiveness. He knew Ralph's record—not so well as he had thought, but better than Ralph would have cared to suspect—and had still liked him, because he had known nothing of him to his disadvantage which his native kindliness could not persuade him to set down to the account of hot blood and an unfortunate training. For such peccadilloes, though he himself could never have been guilty of them, he could find excuse, but this mean fraud so angered him that Dick felt that whatever course he might take in the matter he could never be brought to forgive the offender.

"Look here, Tom," he said, after another silence, "things are bad enough without making them worse. You won't go on with this prosecution?"

"The prosecution will go on," said Tom, "because it is out of our hands. I shan't appear, nor will Arkinstall. We shall forfeit our recognisances. I'll arrange that when I see Arkinstall. I must make that good to him."

He fell silent for a minute, and then spoke again.

"A nice homecoming for a man, wasn't it? I found all the town ringing with it. I thought the whole place had gone mad as I drove through, with the people staring at me and whispering among themselves."

"Why didn't you write and warn us of your coming?"

"I did write—to him." He would not speak Ralph's name. "I found my letter at the house, with a pile of others. He had left no address."

They were quiet again, and for a long time the concealed listener heard nothing but the beating of his own heart and the smothered panting of his breath.

"This will break Elsie's heart," said Dick. "I saw her the other day—before I heard of Ralph's arrest, and wondered what had happened. She said nothing about it, but she looked——. I wrote to her after, and told her that he was here, and that—that I believed in him. . . . Tom!" he said suddenly, rising and crossing the room to his cousin, "is there no way of saving her? Think. Can't we arrange something?"

"Saving her? From what?"

"From the knowledge of this business."

"I don't see how," said Tom.

"Why," said his cousin, wandering perplexedly about the room, and biting his nails between the short sentences, "we might, I think. Couldn't we arrange——? You're not going to appear. He'll be released. We might get him to leave the country—eh? and let Elsie go on thinking—that might be done. Don't you think so?" Tom shook his head, with his eyes on the ground. "Tom, we *must* save her! We must! By God, if I were in your place, I'd—I'd almost"——

"Almost what?"

"I'd almost be inclined to say the bill was genuine."

"And marry Elsie to a thief!" said Tom.

"That's a strange idea of mercy, isn't it?"

Dick groaned. "We could force him to leave the country, and keep him from writing to her."

"It would only lengthen her sufferings. She would think him a persecuted saint, and wonder why he had left her. No!" he said, with another shake of the head, and a deep sigh, "we can't help her, poor child! And that's the worst of

Michael, fixing his benefactor with his eyes, set to work to consider his position.

the whole business, that we can't punish the villain ever so lightly without wounding her."

Dick sat down, with his head between his hands. When at last he raised his eyes they were flinty, like those of a man in great pain.

"When do you see Arkinstall?"

"The servant said he would be at home at six."

"Do me one favour. Not a very great one—to you. Don't go to-night."

"Not go to-night? Why not?"

"Go to-morrow," said Dick. "Give me time to think. We may find some means. It will hurt nobody to leave her for another day in peace. Don't go to-night, Tom."

His eyes dropped under Tom's mild gaze. The Baronet looked at his dejected attitude for a moment in pitying silence. He thought that he read in Dick's face and words more than the shame of his brother's dishonour, more even than mere friendly and chivalrous pity for the girl in whose name he pleaded.

"It can make little difference," he said, after a pause, and with a hopeless motion of his hands.

"You will wait until to-morrow?" said Dick.

"Yes," said Tom. "Since you wish it I will wait until to-morrow."

They sat after this for a long time in silence, broken only by Dick's footsteps as he walked from end to end of the room. The clock upon the mantelshelf had marked the passage of two hours before either spoke again.

"Six o'clock," said Dick. "It is nine hours since I have eaten, Tom."

He spoke the words with that shamefacedness with which any man confesses the intrusion of a mere bodily appetite in moments of great trouble. There are times when such needs seem doubly gross.

"I have eaten nothing since breakfast," said Tom. "We will go to some place near here and dine."

Ralph's straining ears heard him rise from his chair, and marked the slow and painful step with which he crossed the room.

"Your wound hurts you still?" asked Dick.

"A little, at times."

The door opened and closed, and their footsteps went slowly down the stair. Ralph came from his hiding-place, and sank into a chair beside the table, and, sitting there, stared straight before him, absently playing with a sheet of manuscript on which his hand had fallen with the lax weight of a dead man's. Words fail to express the storm of many emotions which had held sway in his mind during the last three hours. Rage at the cruelty of fate, which had brought back Tom to wreck the house of cards he had raised at such infinite cost of self-despite and barren hope, shame of the baseness he had wrought in his blind passion, self-pity, blank despair, had reigned in turn, and the last so filled his heart that he felt that hope was dead and buried, and could never be revived. The desperate game was over. He sat, filled to the lips with hopeless misery, unconscious of a single definite idea, till the clock chimed again from the mantelshelf. Its sound reminded him of the passage of time, and of his cousin's imminent return.

It seemed somehow vaguely worth while to avoid the shame of his reproaches. He rose, and looked round the room for his hat, giving a dreary mirthless little laugh when he remembered that he had been wearing it ever since he had been stopped from going out by Tom's voice upon the stairs. He started towards the door, but paused suddenly, and, after a moment's hesitation, returned to the table, resumed his seat, and, taking up a pen, sat staring at a sheet of paper for a minute or two. Then he wrote these words:—

"You will never see me again. Good-bye. Forgive me, if you can. Believe any evil you may hear of me, but believe this too—I love you. Believe that always, if you believe nothing else of me that is good. I love you."

There was no signature to the cold phrases whose clumsiness mocked him, the only expression his numbed brain could find for all the helpless rage of passion in his heart. His eyes were dry, his hand steady, as he wrote and folded the brief missive. He did not even kiss the superscription, though he sat staring at it long after the ink was dry.

Presently he drew his purse and lettercase from his pocket, and counted the money they contained. The little heap of paper and gold amounted to fifty pounds. He replaced them, and going to a desk, unlocked it, found a cheque-book, and, returning to the table, filled in one of its sheets for the sum of eighteen hundred pounds, payable to Miss Anastasia Dundonald. It was all that remained, except the money on his person, of his winnings on the race. This too he enveloped, and wrote Stasie's name and address upon it, with no word of farewell.

That done, he took a third sheet of paper, and sat looking at it, resolving in his troubled mind the opening phrases of a letter to Tom. In the act of bending to write he checked himself, threw away the pen, and tore the blank sheet across and across. He rose, and looked round the room for a moment with unseeing eyes, and then went out and so out into one of the smaller streets beside the Temple leading to the Embankment.

In all this complete renunciation of his hopes there was nothing which could properly be called repentance. He would have clung to his scheme as long as the slightest chance of success had remained, and it was only now that the brute force of circumstance rendered further effort impossible that he lowered his arms. He had no regrets, except that he had failed. His gift to Stasie of all he possessed but the little sum necessary to make good his retreat from an untenable situation was very characteristic of him. Another man in Ralph's position would have hated his wife. Ralph was not quick to hatred, and had no such sentiment. When he had thought of her at all it had been rather with a barren and remorseful pity. She was a good creature, only horribly in the way. Beyond robbing her of a husband and her child of a father he had never wished or intended any harm to either, and had always meant that they should share as fully as might be in the pecuniary profits of his marriage with Elsie. And now that the game was over, and he was triply bankrupt of hope and honour, mere money seemed a poor thing to cling to. It was all he could do for the good, stupid creature he had once thought he loved, and to whom he recognised that he owed a debt otherwise unpayable.

He had left the Temple with no namable immediate intention, and had wandered aimlessly across the bridge. Naturally, the district where his wife lived and which Elsie visited had been much in his thoughts of late, and his feet took the direction in which they had travelled once before—towards Bermondsey. Night had already fallen, and the maze of mean streets of private houses off the wider thoroughfares was sparsely lit by the lamps. He lost his way in the labyrinth, if he could be said to have one to lose, for beyond that mysterious anodyne which physical motion brings to minds in the chaotic condition to which his was fallen he had no object in walking on. Suddenly at a turning he collided with a small man coming at a brisk pace in the opposite direction, and by the light at the corner of the converging streets saw and recognised Michael Margate.

(*To be continued.*)

WRECK OF H.M.S. LILY.

THE total loss, on a rock off Point Armour, of her Majesty's screw composite gun-vessel Lily, Commander Gerald W. Russell, is a misfortune which is rendered doubly regretable by the considerable sacrifice of human life that appears to have been involved in the catastrophe.

* * * * *

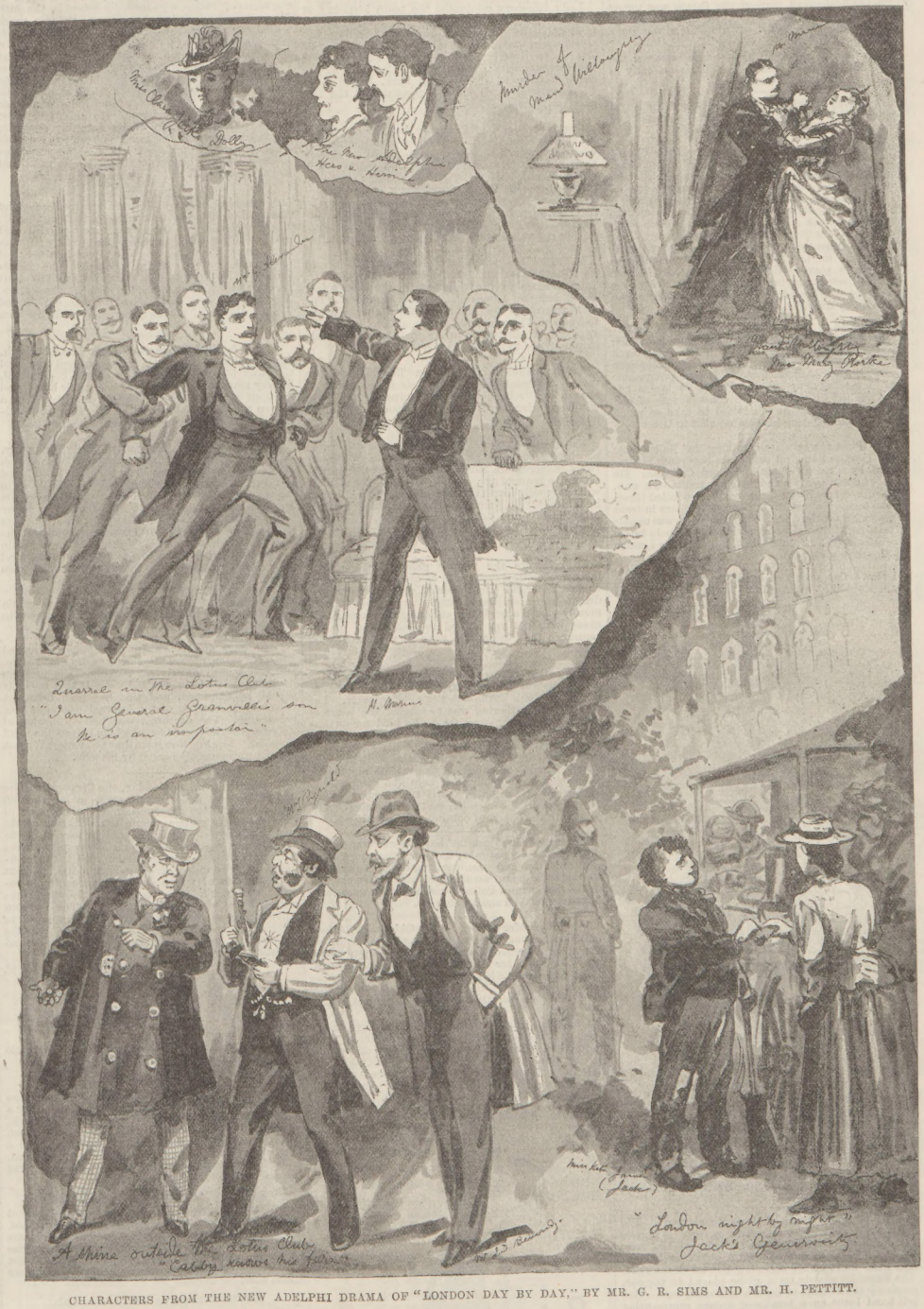
The Lily was a single screw, barque-rigged vessel of 720 tons displacement, 150 ft. in length, 28 ft. 6 in. broad, and drawing 11 ft. 9 in. of water, and was built and engined by Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow, in 1874. Her sea speed did not exceed about 8·7 knots; and it may easily appear that her loss was in some degree attributable to her weakness in this respect. Her cost was rather over £34,000. Commander Russell, who was First Lieutenant of the Tourmaline during the Egyptian War, 1882, wears the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. The ship's complement was about ninety officers and men.

* * * * *

Yet another Lily, a sloop of ten guns, was purchased by the Admiralty in 1804, the ex-Spencer having been taken on July 14, 1804, by a French privateer off the coast of Georgia, and her Captain, William Compton, killed, after making a most gallant fight against superior odds. This Lily, re-named the Général Ernouf, was fitted out as a French privateer, and was, on Aug. 12 following, the subject of a gallant but disastrously unsuccessful attempt at cutting-out by the boats of the Galatea, Captain Henry Heathcote. She was, however, at last given her quietus by the British sloop Renard, Captain Jeremiah Coghlan, which on March 20, 1805, engaged her, and in thirty-five minutes set her on fire and blew her up. A circumstance in this action has supplied an anecdote which figures in every naval collection. Captain Lapointe, of the Général Ernouf, on coming alongside the Renard, hailed her captain to strike. "Aye! strike I will," cried Coghlan, "and d——d hard, too!" And he did—with a vigour which the Frenchman remembered.

* * * * *

The Admiralty received a despatch, dated Sept. 20, from Captain Sir Baldwin Walker, dispatched from Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, reporting H.M. gun-vessel Lily a total wreck off Armour Point, Forteau Bay, on the Labrador coast of the Straits of Belle Isle. The following men belonging to her crew were drowned through the capsising of a boat: James Henry Budge, Robert Love, Samuel Winsor, A.B.'s.; William Coates, gunner R.N.A.; Vincent Deasy, ordinary seaman; Walter Edward Mitchell, carpenter's crew; and John William Sealy, musician. Captain Sir Baldwin Walker remained at Forteau Bay in H.M.S. Emerald salving wreck while the weather remained fine.



CHARACTERS FROM THE NEW ADELPHI DRAMA OF "LONDON DAY BY DAY," BY MR. G. R. SIMS AND MR. H. PETTITT.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN last Saturday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse, drove from Balmoral to Mar Lodge, via Braemar, in a blinding snowstorm, which left the hills as white as in winter. After a call upon the Duke and Duchess of Fife, her Majesty visited Old Mar Lodge, and took tea with Madame Albani, who is staying there, and afterwards returned to Balmoral.

On the homeward journey the Queen was joined at Mar Lodge by Princess Henry of Battenberg, who, with Prince Henry, had been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

According to the most recent arrangements, the Queen is expected to return from Balmoral early in November to Windsor Castle.

On Sunday afternoon her Majesty and the Royal family drove to Abergeldie from Balmoral and visited her Majesty the Empress Eugénie.

Madame Albani had the honour (says the *World*) of singing before the Queen last week at Balmoral, and her sister, Miss Lajeunesse, accompanied her. Madame Albani sings every year before the Queen, who greatly admires her singing, besides having a very great personal regard for her. The Queen does not pay Madame Albani for singing, but has given her on each occasion some memento of her visit. Mr. Wolff has become a very great favourite at Court, and, when in London, goes down constantly to Windsor to play to the Queen. Princess Beatrice generally accompanying him. Princess Beatrice is a very good musician, and plays much better than the ordinary amateur.

The health of the Prince of Wales has so far improved (adds *Atlas*) that the apprehensions which caused so much anxiety a month since are for a moment allayed. Unless something unforeseen occurs, Prince Albert Victor's Indian programme will be carried out; but the Prince of Wales has been warned of the probable consequences of any undue exertion, and he is advised to take as much rest as possible during his coming visit to Greece.

The Prince was deer-stalking in Ballochbuie Forest, on the Balmoral estate, on Saturday, accompanied by Prince Victor and Lord Cadogan. He brought down three splendid stags to his own gun, while other members of the party also killed three. In the evening a torchlight dance took place in front of Balmoral Castle. The Prince of Wales was unable to take part in the dancing owing to the pain in his leg. His Royal Highness left Balmoral for London on Monday.

Dalou's fine group of sculpture, "The Triumph of the Republic," was formally unveiled by M. Carnot

"TRIUMPH OF THE REPUBLIC,"

The New Monument erected by the City of Paris on the Place de la Nation.

in Paris on Saturday. The whole quarter near the Place du Trône (where the monument is erected) was in a state of animation, and in the Faubourg St. Antoine the enthusiasm for M. Carnot and the Republic was unlimited, especially on the part of the women, who waved their handkerchiefs from the windows.

The monument is one of exceptional merit. The Republic is seated in a car drawn by lions; Progress rides one of the lions, which chafes at the rein. Several allegorical figures push the car from behind, and little children are strewing flowers on the road. The Republic stands on a globe placed in the car, receiving the homage of the whole human race. Her left hand leans on a bundle of spears, representing the union of all peoples.

Dalou, who is the sculptor of the group, had a singular career. He was one of the active spirits in establishing the Commune, but, horrified at its excesses, he managed to escape from France. Arriving in London penniless, he unearthed an old artistic friend, who found him the means of procuring a livelihood. His genius as a sculptor attracted the attention of the Duke of Westminster, who became his patron. Dalou was made a Professor at Kensington, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. He sent in his design for the group just erected in Paris anonymously, being then an exile in London, but its merits were so obvious that the French Government decided to accept it for an extra monument. When the Communist amnesty was pronounced, Dalou returned to France, to find himself famous, took up the immense premium for his design, and was almost directly afterwards welcomed to the Salon.

The French elections took place on Sunday, and passed off very quietly. A visitor walking along the Boulevards could hardly notice any difference from an ordinary day until the evening, when the excitement became intense. The final ballot does not take place till Oct. 6, but, so far as can at present be gauged, a sweeping victory for the Government has been secured, and Boulangism has, for the present at least, collapsed.

The Duke of Edinburgh left London for Coburg on Monday evening to join his family. He will remain on the Continent for some time.

Lady Rosebery celebrated the tenth birthday of her little daughter, Lady Sybil Primrose, by giving a school-treat to all the children attending the Queensferry and Dalmeny schools, to the number of 700. Lord Rosebery and Lady Sybil superintended the arrangements of the feast, after which the children marched to Dalmeny Park, where Lady Rosebery gave each child a present, and the day ended with games.

Governor Biggs, of Delaware, has the courage of his opinions. In his State they have a whipping-post, where men who ill-use women and children receive their deserts. He acknowledges that the notion is old-fashioned, but during all his experience "none of these persons has returned for a second dose." They leave the district where their feelings are so little considered. "It is a relic of barbarism," admits the Governor, "but in Delaware we like a quiet life." And in the whole State there is not a single prison.

M. Eiffel has paid us a flying visit. He stayed for a day or two with his friend, Sir John Pender, and was entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on Tuesday afternoon. The great wizard, as they call him in the States, returned to Paris on Thursday, and was unable to accept the Lord Mayor's invitation to a banquet which his Lordship proposed to give in his honour.

At the adjourned inquest on Tuesday, on the unknown woman whose body was found under an arch in Whitechapel, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

The death of Mr. Wilkie Collins, the celebrated novelist, took place at his residence in Wimpole-street, London, on Monday morning last. He was sixty-five years of age. Those who have read them will not readily forget such romances as "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Poor Miss Finch," and not least memorable, "The New Magdalen." By far the most popular was "The Woman in White."

To celebrate the victory gained by the dock labourers on the south side of the river some four or five thousand men assembled at an open-air demonstration on Blackheath on Sunday, and unanimously passed a resolution enjoining all whose grievances were not yet settled to stand firm, on the assurance that those who were in work would aid them.

A meeting of operative bakers engaged in the metropolis was held the same day in Hyde Park, at which Mr. John Burns was the chief speaker. The object of the gathering was to shorten the hours of work to ten a day; overtime to be paid for as time and a half. A resolution to this effect was carried by acclamation. In the course of his speech, Mr. Burns, who drew a sad picture of the position of the bakers' operatives, called on the middle and upper classes to extend them their help and sympathy in the strike which might ensue if their demands were not conceded. The London postmen are also organising with the object of obtaining increased pay.

Sentence of three months' hard labour was passed at West Ham on Saturday on Henry Seal, on charges of intimidation and assault arising out of the strike. At the same court another prisoner was remanded, and at the Thames Police-Court two men were committed for trial on similar charges.

At the Recorder's Court at the Old Bailey, Alfred William Johnson, who had been engaged in the profession of a surgeon, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for forging four cheques for £620, £430, £160, and £450, with intent to defraud the London and County Bank. A previous sentence of five years' penal servitude was proved against him.

A dreadful tragedy was discovered to have taken place at Greenock during Friday sen'night, by the finding of the dead bodies of a young man and young woman, lying side by side, in a garden at Caddlehill, Greenock. From the position of the bodies it appears that the young man, whose name is Andrew S. Walker, first shot his sweetheart, a Miss Holmes, and afterwards committed suicide by shooting himself. The bodies were discovered by a Marine. Near the couple was a six-chambered revolver. The body of the young woman was covered with flowers, and that of the man was near by in a kneeling position. The police were at once informed of the discovery, and the bodies were soon identified as those of Andrew S. Walker and his sweetheart, a young woman named Holmes, daughter of a Greenock carpenter. They had been keeping company for several years. It is stated that Walker lost his situation some weeks ago.

A melancholy case of suicide by a young officer of the name of Tudor, who formerly served in the 34th Regiment, occurred on Saturday. He was much addicted to racing, but was in comfortable circumstances, having only last year inherited a good fortune. From two letters which were found in his room it is evident that his mind was quite unhinged, as in one of them he said he trusted with luck to meet with some former friend of his in the next world, and that he wondered if he would ask him what had won the Leger. He must have shot himself at about five o'clock on Saturday morning, for, in consequence of his making no reply to inquiries from outside, the door was burst in at his chambers in Bond-street, when he was found quite dead, and it was evident that he had been so for some hours.

A conspicuous act of bravery was performed by Mrs. Irving, wife of Captain Irving, Gadlys, Bagillt, North Wales, a few days ago. As the Irish mail was entering the station at the speed of fifty miles an hour, an aged man, slightly deaf, was in the act of crossing the metals, carrying a parcel. The officials shouted to him, and certain death appeared to await the poor fellow, when, without a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Irving sprang down, seized the man, and pushed him off the rails, narrowly escaping with her own life.

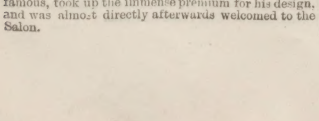
A sad fatality is reported from Loughborough, Leicestershire. Two little girls, one aged three and the other four years, daughters of Mr. F. Caldwell, hosiery manufacturer, strayed from their home, and an hour afterwards their bodies were found in a stream running through the park. They had accidentally fallen into the water, and were drowned.

A French girl of sixteen, named Marie Fauqueray, who had long been treated as a Cinderella by a harsh stepmother, suddenly turned on her tyrant and killed her with a sharp agricultural implement called a rame. The affair happened near a village in the Department of the Manche, and Marie Fauqueray was acquitted by a sympathetic jury, who held that she had received most brutal treatment, and was entitled to defend herself. The girl, after having slain her stepmother, caused a cow to trample on the dead body so as to make believe that the woman had been killed.

The summit of Snowdon and the higher mountain ranges of Carnarvonshire were thickly covered with snow on Sunday last.

Some days ago a wealthy manufacturer, named Ernest Weldon, died at the early age of twenty-nine, and was buried quietly at Woking. His brothers have demanded from the Home Office that his body should be exhumed, and this has been done. A Government analysis of the internal organs is now proceeding. The deceased, who had an income of £5000 a year, left a widow, of whom he was the third husband. The brothers state that Mr. Ernest Weldon was not unfrequently beaten by his wife.

At Birmingham, on Monday, the Corporation Gas Committee had under consideration a report from the sub-committee recommending the adoption of the eight-hours system among the workmen at the gasworks, a system lately adopted by several of the London gas companies. The sub-committee were entirely in favour of the concession, and they recommended the adoption of eight-hour shifts, without any reduction of wages and with an equitable reduction of work. This recommendation the committee have unanimously adopted. The decision will affect more than a thousand men employed as carbonisers, and will be an extra charge upon the Birmingham gas department of several thousand pounds a year.



SKETCHED AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE RACING WORLD

ALTHOUGH a full week has flown since the battle between Newmarket and Malton in

The Lancashire Plate,

I cannot refrain from having a word or two on the contest, if only because I feel that I must let off a little bit of a crow. The South fairly beat the North, who had all the chances they could hope. Chitabob is better suited by a moderately short course than a long one. He likes soft ground better than hard. In both these particulars he was accommodated. Yet the Sellinger verdict was repeated—

Donovan was too good for Chitabob.

But then, say some of the Yorshiremen, who cannot swallow the latest victory without making excuses, our horse was not fully trained, and had been lame once. They tried to stuff us full of wonderful stories of the fine preparation Chitabob had undergone, but that was before the race. So we won't say any more about that.

Donovan gave 13 lb. to Bob

on the only occasion that he was defeated by the latter, and 13 lb. is a lump of weight between two-year-olds. On Saturday last the actual fight between the pair did not last a hundred yards. Donovan broke his rival right up when he seriously tackled him. I am not absolutely certain that Chitabob was second best. I fancy that

Alicante ought to have been Second.

She got badly away, was awkwardly placed for the greater part of the journey, and was hampered by Enthusiast. The two-year-old French lady struggled very gamely under difficulties. I have great admiration for Signorina, Surefoot, Heaume, Riviera, Le Nord, and others of our swell youngsters, but in face of them shall not be surprised to find

Alicante the Best Two-Year-Old of the Year.

After Manchester's bustle and turmoil, crowding, shouting, scrambling, and roughing, it was quite a comfort to get off to Newmarket. Our headquarters of the turf cannot be accounted free from drawbacks when certain conditions obtain. To be in or about the little town in Cambridgeshire—which is quite as much in Suffolk—in bright autumn weather is one of the most enjoyable and beneficial treats a hearty man can desire. Plenty there are who find Newmarket's brisk air too strong for them, at any rate until they are a little used to it, but for those who can stand bracing

Newmarket Beats Doctor Brighton

clean out of the field, and I am sure that it is accountable in great measure for the high reputation the Heath holds for horse-training purposes. Despite the dreadfully heavy fee of

Seven Guineas per Horse

charged as Heath tax for every horse trained at Newmarket for more than a fortnight, the number of those located in and about the place increases yearly. I must explain, though, to friends who do not know much about Newmarket that the name is made to cover an area far wider than the town occupies. Let me give a little illustration from the training reports. We have notes on the work done by Dick Marsh's horses, by Mumford's, and by Captain Machell's jumpers, we will say, and they would all come under the heading "Newmarket Training Intelligence." Well, now,

Dick Marsh's Stables are just on Eight Miles from the Captain's Private Ground.

The former are on the Cambridge side, near the London-road, between the corner of the July course and Six-Mile Bottom on the London-road, and getting on for three miles from the middle of Newmarket. Kennet, where Mr. Abington's team were at work, is the best part of five miles from the Newmarket post-office, right away in the opposite direction, almost on the way to Bury. Again, the third, Mumford's establishment, now ably carried on by the son of poor John Mumford, who died so recently, is two miles out in a different direction from both of the others, on the road to Ely. Yet all these horses are Newmarket, you know. We had matters outside the racing and betting at the rooms to interest us at the little town this week. Lord Cadogan's notice to ask the stewards whether they had read what

The "Morning Post" said of Major Egerton,

what they thought of it, and what they meant to do about it formed a leading topic of conversation. Far be it from me to court friction with the powers that be, and follow the *Post's* example, set first by Argus (the late Mr. Wilks, a very charming writer) and now copied by a successor. If any of the Jockey Club people upset me in any way, I should meekly apologise for giving them so much trouble. I am not in a position to answer Lord Cadogan's query to the club satisfactorily, because I have not read what the *Post* did say. I can, however, truthfully report, from constant observation, that

Much Grumbling is Heard about Handicapping,

and that the Jockey Club's weight adjuster comes in for most notice by the malcontents.

So long as there are Handicaps so long will there be Grumbling.

That we all know; but putting aside all personalities I do think that the present system of letting any one man undertake more than a reasonable amount of work ought to be stopped, and that no harm would be done by requiring public explanation of the grounds on which the weighting was adjusted when you find red-hot favourites win handicaps—if, that is, they are made

Favourites on the "Book" Form, when it is opposed to the Latest Handicapper.

I shall not trouble readers with much about Newmarket racing active till we get to the Second October Meeting (the First October is over, you know, before September finishes). One of our favourite occupations before racing was playing at touting the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire horses. Whether you went on the Bury or the Racecourse side of the town, you found little knots of more or less well-qualified critics of training operations, all eager to see or hear the latest about the gees. At the worst,

They got an Appetite for Breakfast,

but, in most cases, very little more. Most of them do not know a horse twice in an hour unless they are told what it is the second time they see it, and could not tell a two-year-old from an aged horse, unless they looked at the book. Touting by folk not practically educated is quite as amusing. As it is, the professor's is particularly healthy work, and does no harm if such observers will sink the peculiar data they pick up, and collect their training news from the only trustworthy quarter.

"Never Mind how they Go on the Turf,"

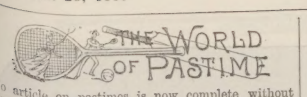
said a shrewd speculator: "I want to know how they go in the betting," and he was right. In the vast majority of cases if they do their work well they must go well in the market. I am pleased to say that nearly all the horses backed by the public for the back-end handicaps are progressing favourably. We were not able to see what the front-rank Cesarewitch horses did, because, in short, they were not in sight. Davenport is trained at Wadlow's, between Altrincham and Shifnal, Vasistas, by John Porter, away in the downy quarter of Hampshire; but Mercy is a Newmarket horse. Good judges did not like Mercy. I do. Perhaps the greatest fancy of the watchers is Gurry's Dover, who has a very taking style of going indeed, and

May turn out the Best Outsider.

Redsand's victory at New Barns calls attention to Goldseeker, who is occasionally backed for both races. Testator may supplant Drizzle in the betting, and beat her in the race. Duncraggan is what is called a sharp's tip. We may safely pass by his Doncaster form as all wrong—at least, so I think. When business on the Cambridgeshire was first invited on Monday while the forces were assembled for settling purposes, 100 to 7 was offered on the field—a compliment to Major Egerton which he may put against some other less friendly criticisms. At present the best goods in the market are

Laureate, Philomel, Theophilus, and Claribelle.

I do not give them prominence now because of their winning chances, but mention them as likely to return profit in hedging. I might, perhaps, add Goldseeker, but after the City and Suburban experience would rather leave that stable alone for a time.



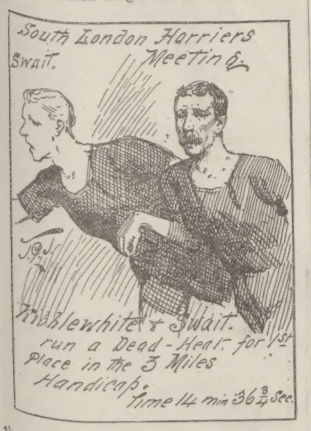
No article on pastimes is now complete without some reference to

Kibblewhite.

This week I have to chronicle another fine performance of this runner, again at three miles, which distance he covered at Kennington Oval on the occasion of the South London Harriers' meeting, in 14 min. 36 4-5 sec., which is not only the grass record, but is more than two seconds faster than the path record, before Kibblewhite so mercilessly demolished it at Stamford-bridge. While this runner is in such magnificent form, every opportunity should be given him for breaking other amateur records. The existing ones, from four miles upwards, are surely at his mercy. E. H. Pelling may not be as good at a short sprint as he is at a long one; but he showed, on Saturday, that it takes a very good man to beat him, for he won the level 100 yards easily enough.

The Football League.

Never has greater cheering been heard in the Birmingham district or elsewhere than that which took place at Perry Barr on Saturday last, when Aston Villa defeated the renowned Preston North-End in their Football League match. Right through



the 1888-9 season the North-Enders proved themselves to be quite invincible, coming out champions of the League, and winning the Association Cup. Now in their third League match they suffer defeat. There is certainly not much disgrace in being beaten by Aston Villa, which for years has been one of the very foremost of the Association football clubs, while the early reverse of the Preston Club will have the effect of infusing greater interest in the League contests and also render speculation as to the probable winner of

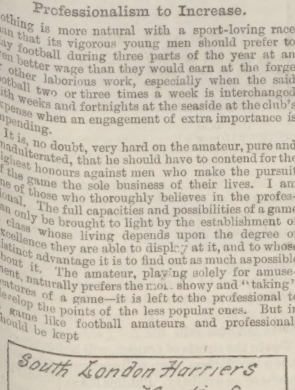
The Cup

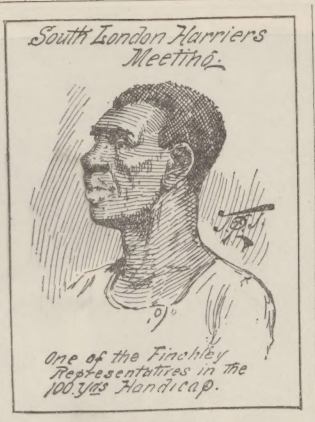
more open. The recent enactment of the Football Association executive, which places professionals on an equality with amateurs, so far as qualification by residence for the Cup contest is concerned, is not unlikely to create one or two surprises, as clubs will be able to strengthen their ranks as time goes on or opportunity offers. The tendency with Association football is for

Professionalism to Increase.

Nothing is more natural with a sport-loving race than that its vigorous young men should prefer to play football during three parts of the year at an even better wage than they would earn at the forge or other laborious work, especially when the said football two or three times a week is interchanged with weeks and fortnights at the seaside at the club's expense when an engagement of extra importance is impending.

It is, no doubt, very hard on the amateur, pure and unadulterated, that he should have to contend for the highest honours against men who make the pursuit of the game the sole business of their lives. I am one of those who thoroughly believes in the professional. The full capacities and possibilities of a game can only be brought to light by the establishment of a class whose living depends upon the degree of excellence they are able to display at it, and to whose distinct advantage it is to find out as much as possible about it. The amateur, playing solely for amusement, naturally prefers the more showy and "taking" features of a game—it is left to the professional to develop the points of the less popular ones. But in a game like football amateurs and professionals should be kept





More Distinctly Apart

than they are. It is useless to say, as many do, that because amateurs and professionals mingle at cricket, therefore it is all right at football. I should simply point out that at rowing, billiards, pedestrianism, and swimming the most distinct line of demarcation possible is drawn. This, of course, only proves that every game must be judged

On its own Merits,

without reference to what is done at other games.

What I am arriving at is that it is a mistake to have professionals and amateurs competing annually in the same competition. Major Marindin's resignation of the presidency of the Football Association (happily withdrawn for another season at least) on account of the growing supremacy of professionalism—a good thing in its proper place—shows more plainly than any words of mine can describe, what that experienced gentleman's ideas upon the question are. To my mind, no time should be lost in establishing an

Amateur Cup.

This could be supplemented by one for the professional clubs, and the two elements could then run happily side by side. It is quite certain that in the enthusiastic Midlands and Lancashire enormous interest would centre in the chief matches between the professional clubs, which contests would be the means of displaying the highest development of the game. There would be nothing whatever to prevent the establishment of a

Gentlemen v. Players

match, nor would there be any objection to a combination of the two elements in the case of International matches. The next few years will, I feel sure, see some developments in this direction, only

just now the committee of the Football Association are rather inclined to pet the professional.

That

Joseph Nuttall

is the fastest swimmer through the water that we have yet seen I entertain no doubt whatever; but there is a very great difference between still water and the open sea with a strong current running one way and the surface rough. This difference Nuttall discovered to his cost when he swam his mile race against Finney on Saturday last, at Llandudno. Finney is a very experienced match swimmer, and rarely loses much in the making of one. He is a much more powerful swimmer than Nuttall, whom he would, no doubt, hesitate to meet at less than a mile in smooth, still water. But a rough sea is in his favour. A quarter-mile course was marked out in Llandudno Bay, the competitors having to go out to a buoy and return, twice. Going out the current was with the swimmers, and all went

As Merrily as a Marriage Bell

for Nuttall, who, served by his speed, led at the buoy by ten yards. But the next quarter of a mile was against the current, and Finney came up and went by with such ease that Nuttall gave up altogether, and so ignominiously lost his first important match. He is but yet a boy, and will gain experience. Already he has learned that it is one thing to beat a lot of amateurs in a bath and quite another to take on an astute campaigner like Finney over a mile in the open sea.

The international lacrosse match

England v. Ireland

was as close and exciting a contest as could be wished for. It was played at Belfast on Saturday, and at one time the success of England, who had scored four goals to one, seemed certain. But Ireland has twice before been behind half-way through this match, and yet come out victorious at the finish, and on Saturday

History was Repeated,

for, putting on three goals in succession, Ireland just won by five games to four. After my remarks of Saturday last, no one should be surprised at this result. Superior combination and practice is precisely what tells at the end of a match, just as it does in an eight-oared boat race; and the Irishmen had had the advantage of continuous practice throughout the summer, besides which the representative twelve had been in the field together. Next year, no doubt, the match will be played in the English season, and then I shall expect to see

England

victorious.

The exploitation by Mr. G. L. M. Sacks of our amateur distance runner,

Sidney Thomas,

in the United States, was not a very particular success. As is generally the case with newly arrived English athletes, the American autumn proves a disturbing element, and they cannot do themselves justice. Thomas was second in the five-miles championship of the States—the winner being an Irish importation of Sacks's, T. P. Conneff—while the third man was a draft from London, W. T. Young. When I state that another immigrant from London, A. B. George, won the mile, and an English pole-jumping champion, E. L. Stones, the pole jump, it will be easily seen to what a state things have been brought. Not one of the five men mentioned would have dreamed of going to the United States if he had not been induced to do so by Sacks, and not one of them has paid his fare across. No one can call this

Healthy Athletics.

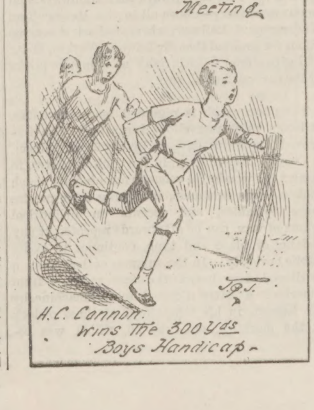
Mr. W. J. Innes is certainly untiring and remarkably liberal in his efforts to resuscitate English sculling. In spite of the disastrous outcome of former attempts on his part in the same direction, he steps merrily to the front once more, and offers £50 to be competed for in a sweepstakes by professionals (Neil Matterson, G. Bubear, and Wallace Ross barred), the contest to come off on the Thames on Oct. 12. After previous experiences of English—particularly Thames—scullers, I can only commend Mr. Innes's indomitableness, and

Hope for the Best.

The race for the championship between Searle and O'Connor has led to the usual excitement among scullers. Everybody wants to scull everybody else—so they say in the sporting papers; but a good deal of this paper bravery is due to a desire to seize the opportunity for keeping one's name well before the public. The names of Gaudaur and Teemer are prominent, of course. The last race between these worthies in America seems to have been a delightful affair, one competitor saying that he was deliberately fouled by the coach of the other man, who, not to be outdone, declares that he was poisoned. More prominent even than their undoubted sculling abilities with Canadian scullers is their power of

Juggling with Truth.

O'Connor entirely misunderstood the British public



when he sought to gain sympathy by stating that the crab he caught in his race with Searle was the consequence of striking a piece of floating wood. I am in a very good position indeed for speaking to the contrary, for the crab was caught exactly opposite the Thames Rowing Club Boat-House. Now I happened to be upon the balcony of that very boat-house at the time, watching the scullers through powerful field-glasses, and there was no piece of floating wood. What made O'Connor catch the crab was the way he incessantly looked at Searle, who, in spite of the strenuous exertion of the Canadian, was coming up hand over hand.

Water Polo

becomes more and more popular, with which state of affairs, no doubt, the new rules have much to do. Quite a revolution has taken place in the method of play, and good teams are now enabled to show their superiority over poor ones by a stupendous majority in goals. The final in the championship takes place in London (place not yet determined) on Oct. 21, and I should not be surprised to see the Otter and Nautilus Clubs left in for this. These strong polo teams met in the League contest, when Nautilus won, after a great game; and I do not see why they should not repeat this victory. Water polo would be very much improved if a bath could be found in which there was a minimum depth of, say, 5 ft. 6 in.

BANSHEE.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

CHARMING MUSIC
FOR THE
LONG EVENINGS.

The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is

A MELODEON.

The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. Our world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM.

British Patent, No. 4492. German Patent, No. 24,110.

EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
NO ONE DISSATISFIED.

THE "GEM" MELODEON
Is a Marvel of Cheapness.
THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON
is Selling in Thousands.
THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
No Home should be Without One.

Do you wish to enjoy your Long Evenings at Home?
Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to make your Family Circle Happy?
Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to form a Concert or Dancing Party?
Then procure one of OUR

GRAND PRESENTATION MELODEONS.

GOOD NEWS

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
8s. 6d. 8s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 8s. 6d. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 16s.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent," with Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

NO DECEPTION HERE.

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—
"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling, and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' melodeon this morning, Wednesday, April the 3rd, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, A. ATTRIDGE."

"Training College, Saltley, Birmingham, 1889.
"Dear Sirs,—I received the 'Paragon' melodeon on Saturday morning. The beautiful instrument gives me entire satisfaction. I consider it a great bargain for the small sum of 13s. 6d. I shall be most happy to recommend it to any of my comrades who intend purchasing an instrument at any time, and thanks for your prompt attention to my order.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,
"P. H. ROE."

"R. I. Constabulary, Ballinsa, Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co. Gentlemen,—My order to hand this morning, and, in a word, allow me to say it justly deserves the title of 'Favourite' melodeon. I can assure you I will be most happy to recommend your establishment—an establishment which has gained for itself a world-wide reputation. In conclusion, thank you so much for your punctuality in executing my order, and also you have my permission in using this unsolicited testimonial in any way you choose.—Yours, &c.,
"ROBERT MILLS HARKIN.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co."

A MOST ASTOUNDING FACT.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of our Patent Broad Reed Melodeons HAVE BEEN SOLD; and we have received the unprecedented number of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS and PRESS NOTICES from all parts of the World.

N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGE PRICE-LIST for 1889, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

MR. EDISON, THE ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICAN ELECTRICIAN, SPEAKING THROUGH HIS PHONOGRAPH.

MR. EDISON.

Who fitter than the "Napoleon of Ocean Telegraphy" to act as prime host to America's great electrician, Mr. Edison? Sir John Pender welcomed Mr. Edison to his charming home at Foot's Cray, in Kent, on Saturday evening last; and in the restful quiet of that delightful abode the clever and thoughtful realiser of the most wonderful "Fairy Tales of Science," the inventor of the phonograph, and the developer of the electric light, found brief repose after the whirl of gaiety of which he was made the centre in Paris and in Berlin. In common with all Englishmen who admire the inventive genius of Mr. Edison, we sincerely trust he has, at Foot's Cray, the hospitable mansion of Sir John Pender, recovered from the attack of sciatica which laid him low on his arrival in England; and we earnestly hope he will, on his next visit to this country, be well enough to receive the hospitalities and honour British scientific men generally would be proud to offer to Mr. Edison.

* * * * *

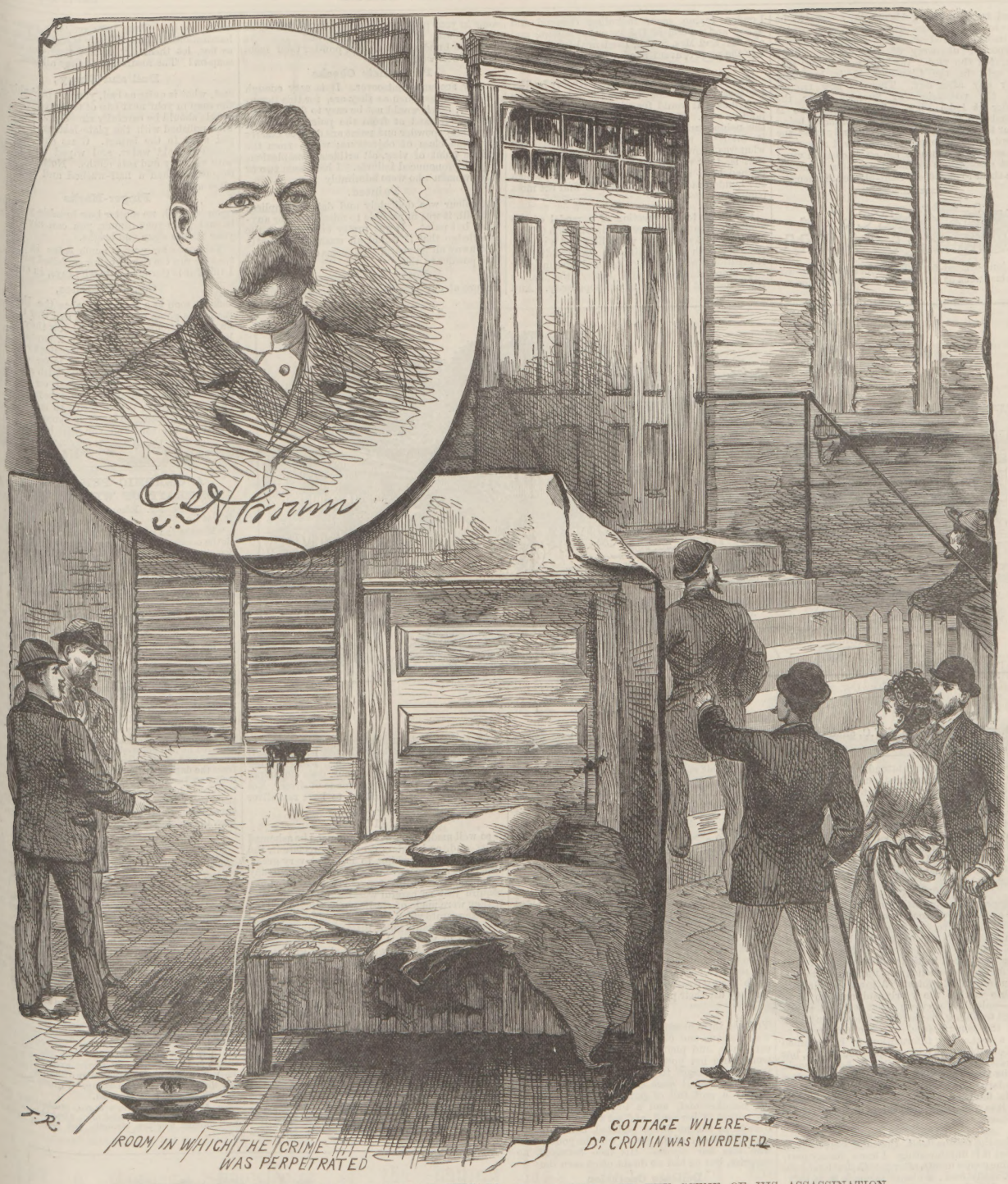
The atmosphere of London is so gloomy as a rule that we residents in the metropolis have especial reason to be grateful to all scientists who, like Mr. Edison, Mr. Swan, Mr. Siemens, Mr. Preece, and others, strive to brighten the world by the medium of electricity. The incandescent lamp, perfected by Edison and Swan, is a boon and a blessing to many a theatre and restaurant which has gained in brightness, cleanliness, and safety by the introduction of the electric light. We have no doubt that, in the course of a few years, not only will our homes, offices, factories, and streets, steam-boats, trains, and public vehicles, be lit by electricity, but that electricity will also be the chief motive power in the world. We can even now navigate the lovely reaches of the Upper Thames in electric steam-launches, which offer the perfection of river travelling; and surely this power ought to be applied ere long to railways and tramways, and to our machinery—above all to the Metropolitan Underground Railway, where, indeed, it may be taken for granted that Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., will give a trial to electricity as a motive power at the earliest opportunity.

* * * * *

The phonograph is regarded by some as Mr. Edison's most marvellous invention. The improved apparatus devised by Professor Edison, of Orange, New Jersey, in the United States, to perfect his wonderful acoustic machine, by which spoken words or music, inscribing their precise tones, syllables, and accents on cylindrical rollers of wax, can be afterwards repeated at any distance of place and time, continues to excite public curiosity. In the summer of last year a privileged few heard the first message from America: a letter dictated to the machine by Mr. Edison, in his laboratory, at three o'clock in the morning, on June 16, which was repeated, without the loss of a word, on July 25, by a corresponding machine, at the house of his agent in England, Colonel Gouraud, Little Menlo, Beulah Spa, Upper Norwood; the waxen record or "phonogram" having been sent to England by mail steam-ship. The Illustration given in the present Number, from a photograph, is that of Mr. Edison speaking this message to the machine: and, in order to render the parts of the instrument more clear, the following explanation will be interesting. To the left is the electric motive power, in this case a bichromate bottle battery. To the right of this is the motor box; above it is the regulator. Under Edison's recording or speaking tube is the wax cylinder, placed over an iron core. The projecting rod in front of the cylinder is an index to the contents of the phonogram. In front of the box are three wax cylinders or phonograms. In front of these is a branched tube, the "carphone," for more certainly excluding outside noises. This is to be fitted over the receiving tube—that on the frame to the left of the recording tube. By a swift and exact arrangement, either of these tubes can be shifted, when required, to its place over the wax cylinder. Visitors to the Paris Exhibition will not fail to have been interested in the wonderful Court of Electricity, where the Edison marvels are revealed, and the depth of his genius may be gauged.

* * * * *

Thomas Alva Edison was born in 1847. He is a native of Ohio. It may be encouraging to lads of meagre education to mention that Edison had to be contented with a school attendance of eight weeks while a boy—his educational deficiencies in early life, however, being partly compensated for by the care and devotion of his mother, and by his passion for reading. Chemical works had a strong attraction for him. Every youth at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's, and every lad who sells the *Star*, *Echo*, and *Evening News* in the streets of London, will be interested to know that Edison, when still very young, became a newsboy on a railway. But this did not hinder him from making chemical experiments. It possibly suggested to young Edison the idea of starting an amateur paper. His next vocation was that of a telegraph operator, in which capacity he filled up his leisure time by devising improved machinery. By the age of twenty Edison had already gained some reputation as an inventor. In 1876 he resigned the superintendency of the Gold Indicator Company at New York in order to devote himself to research and invention at his factory in Menlo Park, twenty-five miles from New York. In '82 Edison was called upon personally to supervise the lighting of New York by electricity. We cordially wish long life and happiness to this great scientific inventor, of whom Sir John Pender, the pioneer of Ocean Telegraphy, has most appropriately been the kindly host during his too short stay in England.



THE DIABOLICAL CLAN-NA-GAEL MURDER AT CHICAGO: DR. CRONIN, AND THE SCENE OF HIS ASSASSINATION

THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. CRONIN,

the revolting crime which recalls the terrible Phœnix Park murder, has been kept fresh in the public mind by the difficulty Chicago has found in empanelling a jury to try the prisoners accused of complicity in the diabolical plot. As the foul murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke stamped with ineffaceable infamy the deadly "Invincible" body of Irish conspirators in Dublin, so this atrocious assassination of Dr. Philip Henry Cronin in Chicago put the crowning stigma of savage barbarity on the Irish-American organisation of the Clan-na-Gael. This awful tragedy has also served to remind the members of all these Irish revolutionary societies of the depth of iniquity into which their oaths may plunge them; and it may bring home to them the truth that constitutional methods are, after all, the best to secure those reforms that are needed in every country, Republican as well as Monarchical.

As throwing a lurid light on the lawless and sanguinary actions of such bodies as the Clan-na-Gael, the facts of the Cronin case should be well weighed and retained in the memory. These facts have not been sufficiently clearly placed before the public by some newspapers. An active member of the Clan-na-Gael himself, Dr. Philip Henry Cronin, who is portrayed above, is supposed to have been killed in cold blood because he had threatened to expose how that many thousands of pounds, subscribed by the Irish in America to strengthen the hands of Mr. Parnell, had been embezzled by certain other leading men of this murderous association. At any rate, Dr. Cronin was done to death in the most cowardly and treacherous way. It was on the evening of May 4 last that he was lured from his home. It appears that a person presenting the card of Mr. P. O. Sullivan, an ice-dealer, called on Dr. Cronin at 470, North Clark-street, Chicago, and begged him to come to attend one of his employés, who had met with an accident. Dr. Cronin started off at once. He was never after that seen alive by his friends. But, bit by bit, the appalling story was learnt. Murder will out!

A ghastly discovery was made on the 22nd of May, near Chicago. Some ditch-cleaners, their suspicions aroused by a putrefying odour, prised off the top of a catch-basin in Arlington Park, Lake View, and then found the dead body of Dr. Cronin, naked, but with a scapular round his neck. The wounds on his head showed how he had been murdered. Friend after friend identified his remains. Suspicion fell upon his enemy in the Clan-na-Gael as the instigator of the infamous crime. A couple of days after the chance discovery of Dr. Cronin's body the Chicago Police came across the Lake View cottage in which the murder was committed. We give Sketches of the interior and exterior. This poor tenement had been rented for some time previously, but was not occupied until the night of the assassination. It was then deserted. Smears of blood were found on and near the bedstead; and a key was found fitting the mysterious trunk in which Dr. Cronin's body is alleged to have been conveyed from the cottage. Now, it happens that, a few days after this blood-stained trunk turned up in Lake View, a man named Woodruff was arrested on a charge of horse-stealing. His statement was that he had been hired to bring a horse and trap for the purpose of fetching a trunk out of Chicago; that this trunk contained the body of a woman, and that Dr. Cronin was present when the body wastaken away. In support of this it was rumoured that Dr. Cronin had been seen in Toronto, and it was furthermore alleged that an unlawful operation had been performed on the woman whese body was reported to have been carried off. These secret societies stick neither at lies nor at murder.

* * * * *

Who murdered Dr. Cronin, and who ordered his murder? Among those suspected of complicity in the crime were Alexander Sullivan, P. O. Sullivan, John Moroney, and Charles M'Donald, the two last named being discharged for want of evidence. One Daniel Coughlin, a detective, was arrested, because it was said he was instrumental in hiring the horse and buggy which carried the trunk from Mrs. Carslem's cottage on the dread night of the 4th of May. The Chicago newspapers daily publish reports of evidence possessed by the State confirming the previous story of the crime. They now say that Dr. Cronin's clothes have been

traced to New York, whence they were to be sent to England to dress the corpse which was to be placed in the Thames, but the unexpected discovery of Dr. Cronin's body frustrated the plot. We hear, meanwhile, that the split in the Clan-na-Gael is becoming wider day after day. There is now trouble over the possession of finances after the murder at Lake View. The organisation is divided into two factions, the Croninites being by far the larger party. We sincerely trust the lamentable occurrence in Chicago will arouse all Irishmen to a sense of the effect of such venal secret associations as the Clan-na-Gael, and induce them to quit these Cain-like brotherhoods.

CYCLE & CAMERA

THE long-waited-for C.T.C. general meeting was held last week at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, with the result that C.T.C. affairs are very much as they were before.

There was a fairly large attendance of members. Some four or five hundred out of the twenty thousand were present. Reporters were at once excluded from the meeting to prevent any possibility of a second libel action following upon a report in the public press of a discussion over the late libel case held at a private meeting of the club. Mr. Shipton made a statement, and so did Mr. Clark, and a motion was passed that hereafter no personal attacks should be made in the *Gazette*.

I suppose the club will have to bear the expense of the last personal attack, and apparently the secretary is to continue editing the *Gazette*. But at least this much good has been done: it has been shown that members of the C.T.C. are interested enough in their club's welfare not to allow an event of such grave importance to pass without a word of protest. A great trouble with the club is that the yearly subscription is so small—only half a crown—that cyclists pay it without troubling themselves to find out anything about the general fund of which it forms so small a part. The information to be obtained from Consuls, or the convenience (not always, but still, often enough) of the C.T.C. hotels, would alone be more than worth the money. But when such a large burden of debt falls upon the club, and its financial prosperity is thus encroached upon, it is time their more active interest should be aroused.

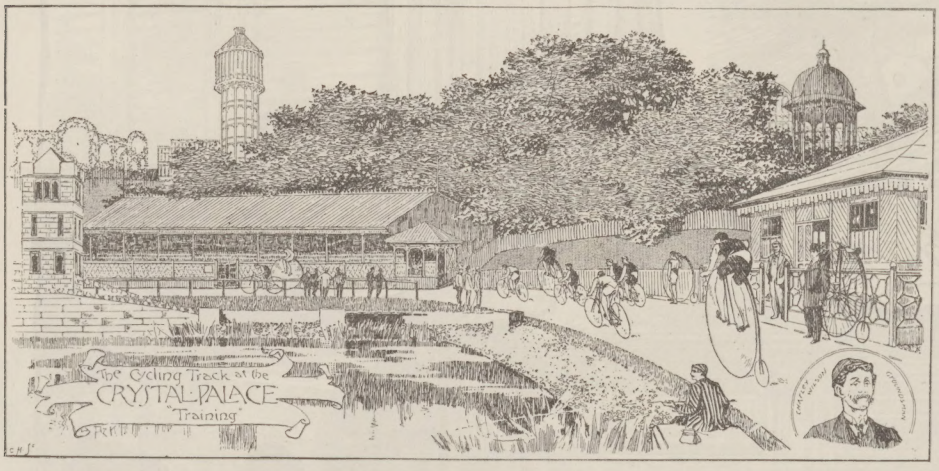
As for the *Gazette* itself, the chief objection to it is that it is uninteresting. I know, for my part, that mine comes month after month, but is seldom, if ever, really read, a glance through it is sufficient. Nor has it been made the important advertising medium it ught to be. With its certain twenty thousand circulation, it should do better in this respect than the weekly cycling papers.

The racing season is effectually at an end, and coming towards an end too, apparently, are the great glories of the Crystal Palace track (of which a sketch is given by one of the Artists of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*). For many a year it was, like many now wellnigh forgotten courses, the scene of numerous important races; while, until this year, it was the best-known training ground, under the careful supervision of Charlie Wilson, in London.

Cortis, Keith Falconer, and all of the great lights of other days did some of their most remarkable performances here. The N.C.U. Championships were held on it again and again, and owing to the fact that recently the best-known London racing men, including Osmund and Wood and several of the younger fellows, and also Mr. and Mrs. Smith, lived in the vicinity, it was the most convenient place for them to train.

The Palace Company, too, offered every facility for those who wished to use the track, and it looked as if it would for a long time continue to hold its own. Mr. Hillier, too, who also lived in the neighbourhood, did all he could to promote its interests, and he and his friends organised what was known as the "Crystal Palace gang"—that is, they were a set of men who habitually trained here, and formed a sort of club, which the London racing men seemed to find the most convenient.

But owing to the erection of a model of the Tower Bridge for purposes of illumination (which certainly looks very fine when lit up of a night), together with the opening of the Paddington Recreation Grounds, which certainly are in every way more convenient and better, the Palace track has lost much of its old popularity. And during the last year all the important events have been held in Paddington. It was here that the N.C.U. championships, as everyone knows, came off this summer, and as these, of course, are the great events of the cycling year, this fact proves the decline not of the Palace track itself, but of its prestige in the racing world.—N.C.U.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE CYCLE TRACK.

SEE "CYCLE AND CAMERA."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

LAST week we had a little talk about cosmetics: this week I mean to have a little fling at paint and powder. In the last century powder was the fashion: it is not so now, and I believe that many women who use it are under the happy delusion that they apply it much too dexterously to be found out. Many others there are who do not seem to care whether the fact that they bedaub themselves with powder is known or not, for they use their powder-puffs in

Public!

You see them at work in waiting-rooms at railway stations and cloak-rooms at theatres, concert-halls, and picture gallery. I never saw a woman use her powder-puff in church, but she probably manages to do so "on the sly," now and then; but I once saw a girl in an omnibus extract a puff full of powder from a corner of her handkerchief, and a tiny hand-glass from the pocket of her muff, and set to work to adorn herself, as she no doubt believed, before eleven people, and one of the eleven was the young man who was her escort. His face betrayed no surprise, but he had no doubt often seen the

Delicate Operation

performed in public before! Violet-powder is, I believe, more asked for than any other. I say "asked for," for how can you be sure that the compound sold under the name is the genuine article or not? It ought to be made of six parts of wheat starch and one of powdered orris-root. Pure violet-powder would not irritate the skin or injure it in any way; but it fills up the pores just as effectually as if it were

Impure,

and, whether it is brushed off again immediately after application or made to adhere by means of a thin coating of glycerine underneath, the result is that the skin, after a very short time, becomes dry and coarse-looking, and then wrinkles begin to appear long before they are due. A very little reflection will show that powders must absorb the natural moisture of the skin, and when the natural moisture is dried up the skin must become more or less like

Leather.

Glycerine, too, if constantly used, is very injurious to the skin. I know many people who cannot use it, even on the hands, undiluted; and glycerine and powder combined will soon ruin a good complexion, and make a bad one worse. Take my advice, substitute the tissue paper I told you of last week for powder. You can have some in your pocket and use it in the waiting or cloak rooms. It is a very curious and suggestive fact that hundreds of women powder their faces thickly who would not

Paint their Cheeks

on any account whatsoever. It is easy enough to find reasons, such as they are, for this inconsistency, but it would not be easy to find a good reason. Looked at from the point of view of physiology, powder and paint are open to exactly the same class of objections; while, from the artistic point of view, all artificial complexions may be pronounced failures. I have seen two or three women who were admirably

Painted.

The colour was delicately and daintily applied, but still, it was impossible to mistake it for anything but paint. It was pretty enough, but the knowledge that it would all wash off presently took away all its charm. It seems a far cry from face powder to the

Forks and Spoons

we use at our meals—plate, as they are collectively called—but, as there is such a thing as plate-powder, the distance is not as great as it seems. Now the word "plate," when we use it to indicate forks and spoons, does not imply that those useful articles are made of silver. Not every householder can afford to have real silver in his plate-basket; but

Plated Ware

is so well made now that no one need be ashamed of it, and, as burglars do not appreciate it, the responsibility attaching to it is not very great. But forks and spoons made of any of the many excellent substitutes for silver now in vogue require just as careful washing and cleaning as if they were made of sterling silver. Now, I do not exaggerate when I say that young and inexperienced servants know little or nothing about the care of plate. It would be very wrong, of course, to teach a girl who was about to go to

Service

anything so useful as the proper way to wash forks and spoons at school; French and algebra are so much more suitable; and then, if the mistress knows nothing either, what is to be done? Once a week, or once a fortnight, there is generally a great to-do over the cleaning of the plate; and it looks fairly well for one day. But it ought to look well

Always.

It should be washed carefully with soap in hot water, and as each piece is finished it should be put into a basin of cold water, taken out again separately, and dried at once. Now very few servants ever think of rinsing in the cold water at all. They take out the pieces in a handful out of the hot soapy water, and, as often as not, let them dry as best they can with the soap on! The result is that they all look

Dull and Dingy;

and, what is quite as bad, you will probably taste the soap in your next cup of tea or coffee. Each article should be carefully rinsed and wiped, and then polished with the plate-leather before it is put away in the basket. Glass should also be rinsed in cold water, and wiped and polished with very dry and soft cloths. Nothing is more disgusting than a half-washed and unpolished glass with

Finger-Marks

upon it; and, no matter how humble your home is, and plain your dinner, you can always have your glasses clean and bright.

Tomatoes are now so much eaten in England that we run the risk of being surfeited with them. I think it is Corney Grain who says, in one of his

Comic Sketches,

that, as soon as a fashion reaches the Edgware-road, it is going out. As soon as I saw tomatoes on a costermonger's barrow I knew they were no longer a "delicacy." Here is a capital way of dressing them. Choose your tomatoes very ripe; cut some half-dozen or more large ones into slices; arrange them on a dish with a little bit of butter and some pepper and salt on each slice, and cook them gradually, either before the fire or in the oven. When ready to serve put as many nicely poached eggs as your larder can afford on the top, and you will have a dish fit to set before the King, to say nothing of your husband.

MARGUERITE.

A GRAPHIC PEN-AND-INK PORTRAIT OF WILKIE COLLINS

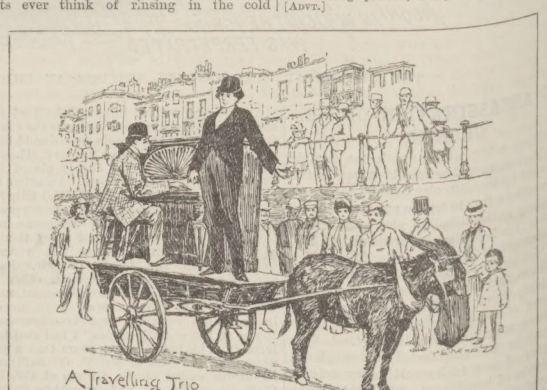
is given by Mr. Edmund Yates in this week's *World*:—

"Months had passed without our meeting, when, on the occasion of the dinner given by the Authors' Society at the Criterion in '88, I saw him descending from a cab at the door. A man of middle height, looking less, for his broad shoulders were rounded and bowed, with a big leonine head, light eyes behind huge spectacles, and a bushy grey beard. He welcomed me with his old affection, and, at his request, I gave him my helping arm up the Criterion staircase. He was dreadfully crippled with rheumatic gout, but in fair spirits, and anxious for me to point out to him such celebrities as had risen since his time. For a man of such wide reputation, Wilkie's personal appearance was very little known, but as soon as it became buzzed about that he was present there was a great rush to see him. He was introduced to, among others, the American ladies, Mrs. F. H. Burnett and Mrs. Moulton, and talked to them with that air of old-fashioned courtesy which became him so well. He remained to the last, and, when I saw him off, declared he had enjoyed his evening. Very bent and gnarled and gnome-like, very much changed, indeed, from the dapper little man I had met thirty years before at Tavistock House, when he was already distinguished by Dickens's warm regard; though even then there was something weird and odd in his appearance, something which removed him widely from the ordinary crowd of young men of his age."

The City Marshal.—Mr. R. A. Warren, for fifteen years clerk in the justice-room of the Mansion House, is a candidate for the office of City Marshal, shortly to be vacated by Major Burnaby, who will seek the appointment of Macebearer to the Lord Mayor. Mr. Warren has for some time past transacted the clerical duties of the City Marshal at the Mansion House.

Wholesale Murders are getting quite a common form of crime in Hungary. A few days ago a family of six—a man, his wife, and four children—were brutally butchered at Tarlacz. The population of Tarlacz is chiefly Wallachian. The murdered man was a usurer in evil repute in the neighbourhood. He and his grown-up son were literally chopped to pieces with a hatchet. His wife and three of the children took refuge in an inner room, but the door was burst open, and they too were fearfully injured with the same instrument, though they survived a few hours. The murderers—though they survived a few hours. The murderers—for there must have been more than one—made off with money and valuables to the extent of 20,000fl. They spent the night in the cellar drinking, and only left the premises next morning. Fifteen natives of the village have been arrested.

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]



CHARACTER SKETCH AT HASTINGS.

By our Special Artist.

YES, THE RUPTURED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

I introduce a sketch of Mr. Henry Holiday's graceful decorative design in the late Academy Exhibition, as this artist is quite deservedly celebrated for the beauty of his work in this branch of Art.

I have heard a great deal of talk about the awards for English drawings and water-colours at the Paris Exhibition. Objections have been not only raised but classified. For my part, I don't believe in this giving of medals to artists.

DECORATIVE DESIGN BY MR. HENRY HOLIDAY.
From the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Why should their life, any more than that of Poets and novelists, be one long struggle for Prizes? There are plenty of people now-a-days who have come to the conclusion that even school competitions do more harm than good. The enthusiasm roused by the Madonna of a Cimabue, the honours conferred upon a Raphael, are worth all the first-class medals in the world.

But so long as these awards have been made in Paris, and created so much dissatisfaction, one cannot help asking what possible reason there can be to subject them to the examination with which they are threatened. Mr. Balfour was standing the other day to the much innocent hypocrisy talked in reference to the admiration of picture galleries: a good deal has yet to be said about the conventional criticism accorded to artists and their work, with the result that all honest disinterested opinions are at once questioned.

Take the list of artists to whom first-class medals have been given. It is headed by the name of Charles Keene, of *Punch*. There are no letters after his name—to the shame, be it said, of the Royal Academy. There is no greater draughtsman in England than Mr. Keene, but his black-and-white work has never received from the Academy the recognition it deserves.

You know his work, of course: it has appeared every week in *Punch* for years, though it is seldom found in the exhibitions. A few of his drawings were included in the Humourists' Show at the Royal Institute, and many were hung last spring at the New English Art Club's exhibition. Who in *Punch* we have all roared over his canny Scotsmen, his Cockney sportsmen, his cabbies, his very jolly drunken men, his street boys, for every artist delights in his technique—in the manner in which they are all drawn. Perhaps you have always thought only of the joke he was illustrating, but the next time you pick up *Punch* stop to look at the way every little detail is carefully and even lovingly worked out, at the charming landscape or admirably rendered street which serves as background to his figures.

Mr. Keene was one of the wonderfully clever set of young draughtsmen who illustrated the books and magazines—of these *Once a Week* was the best, perhaps—of about thirty or thirty-five years ago. They were all at the time much influenced by the work of Menzel, of whom Mr. Keene is still an enthusiastic admirer. He has in his house in Hammersmith a large collection of the great German's drawings, a few originals, and many prints. It is no great credit to Englishmen that Mr. Keene's work should be better appreciated abroad than at home.

Another of the first-class medallists is Mr. Alfred Parsons, of whom I have so often spoken in this column. His landscapes are those for which one always looks at the exhibitions, his drawings those for which one eagerly buys almost every number of *Harper's Magazine*. He is one of the little Broadway group of artists whose honest, conscientious work has made famous, and that he was not long ago made an Associate of the Academy is another of the injustices with which that institution has to reproach itself.

The other artists who have been ranked with Mr. Keene and Mr. Parsons are Mr. J. Aumonier, R.I.; Mr. Alfred East, R.I.; Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., R.I.; and Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., R.I., of whom also I have often had occasion to speak.

I do not altogether agree with the jury in their distribution of second-class medals; but I would omit names from, rather than add others to, their list. These are the artists they have ranked in the second class: Sir J. D. Linton, President of the Royal Institute (and naturally it is not as it ought to be to rank a president below some of the members of his society!); Mr. Anderson Hague, R.B.A.; Mr. J. North, R.W.S.; Mr. C. E. Holloway, R.I.; Miss Anna Alma-Tadema; Mr. Walter Crane, A.R.W.S.; Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I.; Mr. Herbert Marshall, R.W.S.; Miss E. A. Armstrong; Mr. George Clausen, A.R.W.S.; Mr. Thomas Collier, R.I.; and Mr. Fred. G. Cotman.

Before very long now the autumn exhibitions will open, and you will have the chance again to look at the work of these artists, and see how far you understand the awards of the Paris Exhibition.

THE BOHEMIAN.

THE STRIKERS AT PLAY.

The Strike committee celebrated its victory last Saturday night by a supper party in Toynbee Hall. Mr. Burns, Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. Toomey, Mr. Manns, all were present; and, as Mr. Burns said in his speech, the existence of Toynbee Hall was justified by the fact that "after the greatest strike on record the members of the committee came easily and naturally to celebrate the victory in its dining-room." The Rev. S. A. Barnett welcomed the guests. Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Ben Tillett, Mrs. Toomey, and Mrs. Mann were present, and signs were not wanting that in the strike women played no small part. The evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and cheers for the host and hostess.

Gardeners will find "Daniel Brothers' Illustrated Catalogue of Dutch Flower Roots" a *vade mecum* of serviceable and seasonable information. The new autumn issue has just been published at the Royal Norfolk Seed Establishment, Norwich, and is full of good things.

"A New Poison."—Sherbet coloured pink with red aniline dye is a new and dangerous poison. Caution.—Eno's Fruit Salt (a simple and natural saline) is always useful, and can never do any harm. The value of Eno's Fruit Salt cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it. Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked Eno's Fruit Salt: without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.—[Advt.]

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

XVI.—THE LAW OF DISTRESS.

Having regard to the numerous questions asked by correspondents of this newspaper relative to distress for rent, we proceed, as previously promised in these columns, to write fully upon the subject.

A distress is the most ancient remedy for the recovery of rent. It is a very ancient right, and amounts in effect to a power of selling the tenant's goods for rent in arrear. It is a right which every landlord is presumed to have, but he may undertake not to distrain for a limited period, or on the goods of a sub-tenant. A distress can only be taken for rent where there is an actual leasing or letting of the premises at a fixed rent. A tenant who holds over on sufferance only where there is no agreed rent is not liable to have his goods distrained upon.

In order to avoid a distress for rent, the money must actually be tendered in cash or bank notes on the day rent is due. If the landlord takes a security for his rent or an agreement to take interest, this does not take away his right to distrain; nor does a set-off of equal or greater amount than the rent in arrear deprive the landlord of his right to distrain. If the landlord sign a distress warrant, but before the broker enters the tenant tenders the rent with expenses, it would be illegal afterwards to distrain. Where the landlord has given notice to quit and the tenant holds over, but nothing is done to show that a new tenancy has accrued, the landlord must not distrain for rent accruing due *after expiration of the notice*; but, of course, a notice to quit may be waived with the consent of both parties and a new tenancy begun.

A mortgagee, after giving notice of the mortgage to the tenant in possession, under a lease or tenancy created prior to the mortgage, may distrain for rent in arrear at the time of notice, and for subsequent rent; but he must not distrain for rent due upon a lease made by the mortgagor *after* the mortgage, unless the tenant, upon notice of the mortgage, has acquiesced or agreed to a new tenancy between the mortgagee and the tenant. It is a risky thing for mortgagees to distrain, and they should never do so without consulting their solicitors.

A distress may generally be for six years of rent; but where the Agricultural Holdings Act 1883 applies, only one year's rent can be recovered. This Act, which will often be referred to in this article, applies if the property be agricultural or pastoral, or cultivated as a market garden, held for a term of years or for lives, or from year to year, and the tenant holds no employment under the landlord. The Bankruptcy Act 1883 also limits rights of distress, when a tenant becomes bankrupt, to one year's rent due prior to the adjudication; and if there are any other arrears they must be proved for like an ordinary debt. With the exception of these two cases, of the Agricultural Holdings Act 1883 and the Bankruptcy Act 1883, the general rule is that distraints may be levied for six years' arrears.

There are certain things which can never be seized for rent—viz. fixtures, things in actual use, goods in possession of a person in the way of his trade, e.g. to be repaired or altered, the goods of a lodger, and, where the Agricultural Holdings Act applies, hired machinery, and breeding stock are also exempted from distress. So if there be other sufficient distrainable assets on the premises, beasts of the plough and sheep, and tools of trade, and, in cases to which the Agricultural Holdings Act applies, agisted stock are exempt; and, in fact, as to agisted stock, where distraint can be levied thereon for lack of other goods, it is only for the amount due to the tenant from the owner for the keep. By the Law of Distress Amendment Act 1888 the wearing apparel and bedding of the tenant and his family, and the tools and implements of his trade to the value of £5, are exempt from distress.

A landlord may distrain for arrears of rent all sorts of ground crops, hops, roots, fruits, and other growing crops, and cut and gather the same, when ripe, into barns or other proper places on the premises, or, if necessary, he may hire any barn or proper place for the purpose. But if the landlord removes the crop for this purpose, he is, within one week, to give notice to the tenant. The tenant may also redeem growing crops before they are cut by payment of the money. Growing crops must not be sold before they are ripe. The general rule is that only those things can be distrained for rent which the landlord can afterwards restore in the plight in which they were before the distress. We have stated that fixtures are exempt; but machinery affixed to the freehold, not for the more profitable use of the land, but only for the purpose of being more conveniently used as machinery, is not a fixture, and may be distrained upon.

If a lodger wishes to take advantage of the exemption which he now enjoys, he has to serve a declaration on the landlord that the tenant does not own the goods, and he must pay to the landlord any rent due from him to the tenant. The declaration must have an inventory annexed. A Magistrate may order any of the lodger's goods seized to be restored to him by the landlord. A lodger does not mean a sub-tenant who occupies the whole house.

LEX.

"The automatic system is to be introduced more largely next winter at Charing-cross and King's-cross railway stations. A Dairy Company for the supply of fresh butter and eggs, and a railway lunch-distributor, which deals out hundreds of ten-cent lunches, consisting of sandwich, pie, and fruit, are the latest form of the method in the States. The inventor is, curiously enough, an Englishman."—*Daily Telegraph.*

He: "So glad to meet you. What train are you going by?"

She: "Oh, we are not going by any train. We have just come here to do a little shopping: that's all."

DEVELOPMENT OF THE AUTOMATIC MACHINE: RAILWAY TERMINUS, 1890.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

(Concluding Letter, by Our Own Holiday Commissioner.)

WE return with alacrity by South-Eastern Railway to picturesque Hastings. St. Leonards is essentially a place of pleasant roads and elegant houses, conveying a generally agreeable impression, but without any very striking feature. Such special features as it does, however, contain

ONE OF THE "LIONS" OF HASTINGS: THE LOVERS' SEAT.

Sketched by our Special Artist.

may best be seen in this way: Pass up by the Victoria Hotel, previously referred to, back of which are the St. Leonards Assembly Rooms, modelled on a Greek Doric temple. Behind these is the entrance to the beautiful

St. Leonards Gardens,

a lovely and shady retreat, where on a warm day you may sit with book in your hand sheltered from the sun, surrounded by evergreens. The gardens were laid out by the founder of St. Leonards and bought by the Hastings Corporation, who have made them public property. In the gardens is a rude block of stone which tradition declares to have been William the Conqueror's breakfast-table when he landed at Pevensey. To the west of the gardens are the smaller archery-gardens. Leave the gardens by the gate at Maze Hill and proceed along that thoroughfare, which contains many handsome residences. In an open space, note on the right St. John's Church, a plain but somewhat impressive brick structure; turn down by its side along the Pevensey-road, and you will soon reach, on the north side, the Gensing Gardens, pretty and attractive. The wide thoroughfare that runs by them is the London-road, leading northerly to Bohemia and Silver-hill. Turn south, note the fine Early English Christ Church on the right-hand side, make your way straight along, and you are again on the Parade by the sea, near Warrior-square. If you go up that square (by-the-way, it is not a square but an oblong), you will find at the back a large pile of buildings, the Royal Concert-Hall. The large hall, with a fine organ, will seat 1400 people, and in the east wing of the building there is a Ladies' College. Turn down the square, on the other side, and near the south-east corner note St. Mary's Church. It stands in Church-road, up which road, to the north, is St. Paul's, the finest church in Hastings. Any of the short roads to the east will take you into Magdalen-road, in which is a Catholic convent and church. These are the principal "lions" of St. Leonards, having seen which you may consider you have "done" that pleasant place.

Apart from the sea, the

Principal Attractions of Hastings

(if one may be allowed the Hibernicism) lie outside the town altogether. Of course you will go to Ecclesbourne Glen, Fairlight Glen, the Lovers' Seat, and Dripping Well. You can go by road and return by the cliffs. As you go along the old London-road note the charmingly situated Hydropathic establishment (a most delightful place to stop in, by-the-way), with its gardens, shrubbery, and commanding views. The two glens are very pretty. In the Fairlight Glen you can quench your thirst from the cool pure Dripping Well, and then, refreshed, climb to

The Lovers' Seat,

from which you get a grand view. Below you is a precipice, with a wood at the bottom, and before you is the wide expanse of sea. About this Lovers' Seat, of course, there is a legend. The spot was the meeting-place of a young officer and the daughter of a wealthy family. Here, no doubt, they clasped hands and uttered all manner of vows, and there is no reason why you should not do the same, except that you are likely to find another couple there before you, while still another will follow close behind. Clasping hands and uttering vows is best done when no one is by. From Fairlight Glen you will walk back by the cliffs—a magnificent walk; the sounding, shining sea far below, the grassy cliff around you. You bound down through Ecclesbourne Glen, up quickly the other side, down again, up the East-hill, from which you see the red German-looking tiled roofs of Old Hastings. Pause to look at the picturesque sight before you climb down on the other side into the old town.

You will not, however, be contented with this brief morning's trip. Well, you can make excursions to Winchelsea, Rye, Pevensey, Hurstmonceux, Battle, Bodiam Castle, and many pleasant Sussex villages sleeping in the hollows—quaint, old-world spots, restful to the jaded Londoner.

Winchelsea,

you will remember from your school history, was one of the Cinque Ports: it is now a ruined, deserted town. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was rich and flourishing: it is now a village. The earliest Winchelsea was swallowed up by the sea in 1287. Then the present town was built on forty squares, all arranged in regular geometrical plan, like an American city; the streets being broad, the houses built in blocks or laid out in squares. The town, when rebuilt, became a place of import for French wines, for which large vaults, still remaining, were built. The tide, however, receded, the harbour became choked with sand, and in the seventeenth century Winchelsea fell into decay. The ancient gates, the church, and the Friars are now the chief objects of interest. The gates, three in number—New, Strand, and Land—are still in fair preservation. Only a portion of the original church, which was a grand structure, remains. It was built in the thirteenth century: the walls are covered with ivy: only the chancel is now used. Splendid old tombs with effigies of mail-clad warriors excite one's admiration. The Friars is the remains of an old college of Grey Friars. It was for some time the residence of the Westons, on whose career, which ended at the gallows, Thackeray founded his unfinished novel of "Denis Duval." Twenty minutes' walk from old crumbling, quaint Winchelsea are the ruins of Camber Castle, erected as a coast defence by Henry VIII.

Rye

is another of the old towns in this part of England—twelve miles from Hastings. It was honoured formerly by the smuggling fraternity. The church, erected in the twelfth century, is very grand. It is cruciform, with nave, aisles, wings, transepts, and an embattled tower. The carved communion-table is said to have been taken in the Spanish Armada. The Ypres Tower, at the south-east angle of the town, was erected as a watch-tower in the reign of Stephen. Landgate Tower, one of the old fortified gates of the town, still remains. Both Winchelsea and Rye, small as they are, still have their Mayors and Corporations. Many French Huguenots formerly settled in Rye. The town suffered much, in old days, from pestilence and the "King's enemies."

Pevensey

is thought by many to be the site of the ancient Anderida; and it is claimed for it that both Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror landed here. The castle and church are the sights to be seen. The castle was of Roman origin, and was a wonderful old place, though only fragments remain now. William, Stephen, and Simon De Montfort have all attacked it. The church is on the east side of the castle, red brick and Early Gothic, beautiful nave and chancel.

Four and a half miles from Pevensey is

Hurstmonceux.

I hope you have read Carlyle's "Life of Sterling": if so, you will recollect that here John Sterling lived as curate to Julius Charles Hare. The castle was formerly the finest feudal mansion in the south of England; it is of brick, and was built in the reign of Henry VI. The original building was said to have contained 365 windows and fifty-two chimneys. The most interesting place near Hastings is, perhaps, Battle Abbey. I will not attempt to describe the place. The grand old pile, with its embattled gateway, its hall hung with banners and ancient armour, its chapel, its lovely gardens, are among the most beautiful and interesting of England's historic monuments. From the garden you get a lovely view, including the probable scene of the great battle of which

A GROUP IN THE FISHING QUARTER OF HASTINGS.

Sketched by our Special Artist.

A HASTINGS HONEYMOON.

Sketched by our Special Artist.

ON THE BEACH AT HASTINGS.

Sketched by our Special Artist.

A painful tragedy is reported from Leamington. Mr. Russell, a farmer, was returning to his home at a village near that town one night last week, when he was assailed by a lurcher and two rabbits. Raising his gun, Mr. Russell fired, and one of the men fell. The help of neighbours was sought, but when they came the wounded man could not be found. He was discovered, however, next morning, some three quarters of a mile away, and died a few minutes afterwards.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

HAMBURG.—[Letter II., and Last.]

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Of Walks

—and beautiful ones—Hamburg has an abundance in all directions: along the banks of the Outer Alster, to Uhlenhorst and Harvestehude; country walks to Eimsbüttel, Eppendorf, Winterhude, Eilbeck, Hohenfelde, Barmbeck, Hamm and Horn, Billwaerder,

The Town of Wandsbeck,

with its fine wood. This town is about one and a half hour's walk from Hamburg. Then there are lovely trips through Altona to Ottensen, Neumühlen, Flottbeck, Teufelsbrück, and the really beautiful Blankenese. These places, all on the Elbe, can also be visited by a boat or steamer. Harburg is reached in an hour by steamer or in fifteen minutes by rail, or on foot or by carriage over the new Elbe bridge, finished in 1888 at a cost of £125,000.

Friedrichsruh,

Prince Bismarck's seat, on the Hamburg-Berlin Railway, and Reinbeck, are favourite spots with holiday folk on Sundays. The Sülberg at Blankenese, however, surmounted within recent years by a tower, offers a splendid place of vantage for anyone wishing to get a good view of the Elbe and its shores in the vicinity of Hamburg.

Boating, Swimming, and Horse-racing

are most favourite sports, and both the Elbe and Alster offer great scope for boating and swimming. There are regular regattas on either river, but those on the Alster are the best, not being interfered with by the shipping. The Alster is always crowded with rowing and sailing-boats of every description, and launches run regularly to various points on that river, the fares being a penny to twopence. Sitting in the Alster Pavillon taking refreshments, you get an excellent view of the life on the Alster and on the Jungfernstieg promenade.

HAMBURG SERVANT-GIRL.

Restaurants

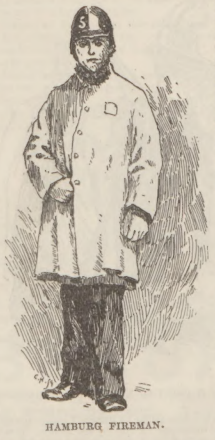
in the city and its surroundings are excellent. The best in Hamburg itself is Wilken's Keller: even the finest taste would be satisfied with the really delicious *cuisine* of that *ne plus ultra* of restaurants. "The Hamburgers," the poet Heine said, "are unanimous at all events in one thing—namely, that you must eat, and eat well and good." And that is as true now as when he wrote it.

The Zoological Gardens, the best and largest throughout Germany, is not wanting in a good dining-hall; and the gardens, which are a charming resort on a summer afternoon and evening, are always crowded. A magnificent aquarium is attached to these gardens. The Botanical Gardens are lovely, and open free from early dawn to dusk; and many a time have I wandered through them in the summer at five or six o'clock in the morning, by no means solitary visitor to these delightful grounds.

The Exchange

(Boerse), which is best seen, and ought to be seen, between one and two p.m., when the merchants, brokers, bankers, &c., of Hamburg and Altona meet there for business, is a handsome building. Its middle hall alone holds about 5000 people. To look down on this surging crowd may give you an idea of the immense trade of the city, and the noise of the voices that reaches you in the gallery makes you imagine that you are standing on the seashore listening to "What are the wild waves saying?" The whole structure now covers an area of 90,280 square feet, because a wing has been added within recent years. And opposite the back front of the Boerse a monumental building is in course of construction—namely, the new Rathhaus. The spot was chosen, almost immediately after the great fire of 1842, for that purpose, but has been lying waste ever since. Now, however, the work is progressing, and you begin to see the entire structure of the ground-floor, which is wholly built of broad stone.

HAMBURG MILKMAN.



HAMBURG FIREMAN.

Market-Places.

There are a goodly number, although market-halls are gradually taking their place. But the squares remain. They have, however, lost the guards' houses which used to be there. Having been tumble-down places, their disappearance is no loss. The squares are still used by the peasants for offering fruit, vegetables, cheese, butter, &c., for sale; but most crowded with these hucksters is the Messberg. It presents an animated appearance, and a picturesque one, on account of the many various costumes. The Vierländer and Vierländerin, the Altländer, Bardowick, and other peasants; the milkmen with short linen galligaskins over their inexpressibles; the Hamburg servant-girl in her pretty, clean, neat, and most becoming dress; various men employed in the work of commerce, such as lightermen (Ewerfuehrer), porters of a superior kind (Quartiersmänner), &c., all in peculiar garments, which date from the time of Netherland immigrations, present a motley, busy crowd nowhere else to be seen. There are plenty of fairs in Hamburg and its surrounding towns and villages, and they are well attended by holiday folk. Dancing in the barns with the peasant girls and other dames is much enjoyed by the young men.

A peculiarity of Hamburg are the Fleete (canals) in the Old Town. Through them the Alster pours its waters into the Elbe. These canals are mostly all skirted by huge warehouses to which and from which goods are conveyed in lightermen's barges, if arrived in, or to be dispatched by vessels.

The Hamburgers

are early risers. They take a light breakfast, consisting of coffee and a roll and butter. The working classes dine at noon; others at one o'clock. But those engaged in high commerce and finance lunch in cafés, of which there are many in the vicinity of the Exchange, from twelve to one. They then transact their business in the Exchange from one to three, and having disposed of the necessary correspondence they go to their residence to dine at about five, and return to their offices at about half past six or seven, to stay till eight or nine o'clock. Bankers or stock-brokers go to the evening exchange in the Börsenhalle, in the upper rooms of the Exchange. The Börsenhalle is somewhat like your Lloyd's. The newspapers of all the world are in the large reading-rooms: there are maps, a commercial library, lecture-rooms, &c., and, of course, a restaurant, a good one being also in the basement underneath the Exchange. All the latest telegrams are posted up in the Börsenhalle, which closes at ten p.m.

The fine arts are not neglected. Hamburg has a Kunsthalle (a national gallery of pictures), several museums, very fine private collections, many concert-halls, Tingel-Tangels, and two very good theatres in the city itself: the Stadttheater, under Director Pollini, who visited London a few years ago with his opera, for operas and classical and grand modern plays; and the Thalia Theatre, under Director Maurice, for fine comedies and farces. These theatres are closed from June 1 to Sept. 1, but are now in full swing. Then there are four theatres, in St. Paul, and St. George, for popular plays, operettas, &c., and most of them have gardens attached to them. Besides, the Altona Stadttheater, also under Director Pollini, is often visited by the Hamburgers.

At present we have splendid classical concerts, under Hans Von Bülow, in the hall of the Industries and Trades Exhibition, which was opened in the spring, and which is very fine. The Hamburgers are fond of music. They are exceedingly critical both as to musical and as to theatrical performances: the manager's task is therefore no easy one.

There are five principal churches in Hamburg, two of which—those of St. Petri and St. Nicolai—were destroyed during the fire, but have since been rebuilt—the latter, by your famous architect Sir Gilbert Scott, in the modern Gothic style. It has the highest tower, 514 ft. 5in., which height is only surpassed in Germany by the Cologne Cathedral. Besides, there are the churches of St. Catherine, St. Jacobi, and St. Michaelis. All have high towers, and are most interesting, dating from the thirteenth, fourteenth, and sixteenth centuries respectively. The tower of St. Michaelis is 456¼ ft. high, but from it the best view is obtained, as that church stands on an eminence in the new town, seventy feet above the level of the Elbe.

The City Library

connected with the Johanneum, Hamburg's first class grammar school (Realschule), has about 300,000 volumes. The sittings of the Bürgerschaft are held temporarily, until the Rathhaus is finished, in the hall of the *Patriotische Gebäude*, owned by the Society for Promoting Arts and Useful Trades, where many scientific and other clubs have their meeting-places; and the society is a patriotic one in the true sense of the word. It has done immense service to the city by its working.

There are two large public hospitals, supported out of the public funds, for poor invalids, but there are others besides. Hamburg can boast of many charitable institutions—a Seemanns-Haus (Sailors' Home), close to the harbour, opposite the fine Observatory (Sternwarte), and a splendid orphanage, accommodating 500 children. One of the finest charitable institutions is the Schroeder Stift, on the Sternschanze, founded by Baron Johann Heinrich Von Schroeder (father of the Baron Von Schroeder of your city), who during his lifetime gave £150,000 for that purpose. Respectable poor families are housed there, and in some cases they have, besides, a yearly allowance.

Hamburg beer- and wine-rooms are always well attended during the evening, but there is a good deal of true home life, such as there is with you.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the Hamburger Berg, in St. Pauli. On Sundays especially it presents a most characteristic picture of the life of the working classes, who enjoy themselves there. There are the Punch and Judy shows, booths of hawkers, Carousels, menageries, &c.; in fact, there is quite a fair. Popular theatres—admission, 1d. to 2d.—are not wanting, the performances lasting an hour, proceeding all day and evening. Then there are the dancing-saloons, where the sailors amuse themselves: the characters of the damsels I leave you to guess. All this going on on Sundays. *Que voulez-vous?* It is the habit of the people.

MR. HENRY GARSIDE NEVILLE,

who so brightly plays the character of Charles the Second in the new Drury-Lane drama, has had about as varied an experience as any actor living. He is a native of Manchester, where he was born in 1837, his father, Mr. John Neville, being an actor and theatrical manager. The popular actor was therefore upon the stage from his very boyhood; for when other youths are thinking only of tops and marbles or are flying kites, he was being trained by his father in various youthful characters, and it is very likely that this early training accounts in a great measure for the perfect ease of manner Mr. Neville exhibits on the stage. No actor is more completely "to the manner born." As a boy he went upon the stage under his father's guidance, and soon displayed aptitude which gave promise of a successful career. After playing a great variety of parts in the provinces, Mr. Neville came to London, and at the Lyceum Theatre, then under the management of Madame Céleste, he made his first appearance in the metropolis Oct. 8, 1860. Afterwards he played at Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, and Birmingham, and in the following year became a member of Messrs. Robson and Emden's Company at the Olympic. There, in May 1863, he made a great hit as Bob Brierley in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." This has remained one of his favourite parts ever since. Admirably strong and individualised also is Henry Neville's Henry Dunbar, in Miss Braddon's drama of that name. After various engagements at the chief London theatres Mr. Neville became, in 1873, lessee of the Olympic, and continued to be so until 1879. Many of the characters he played there have become inseparably associated with his name. He played in "The Two Orphans," "The Moonstone," by Mr. Wilkie Collins, "No Thoroughfare," "The Wife's Secret," and many other standard plays; and in 1878 he was brilliantly successful in "Proof" at the Adelphi. His Charles Surface and Lord Clancarty are good examples of his animated style: but in all that he plays Mr. Henry Neville brings to his work the finish, refinement, and style of a genuine artist.

A VIERLAND BEAUTY.

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

ALREADY we have had two or three decided touches of frost—not severe, but just enough to touch the tender points of heliotropes, begonias, and other tender plants in open situations, and to warn us that the summer is over, and that all plants of a tender or doubtful nature must be housed or protected by some means without delay. Batches of recently struck cuttings of zonal pelargoniums that have been standing in the open air until now should be removed to a dry stage or bed of ashes not far from the glass in a light and freely ventilated greenhouse, and kept moderately dry in order to solidify their tissues, and enable them to stand the winter bravely.

Cuttings

of heliotropes, petunias, verbenas, and so forth should be removed from the heat in which they have been struck, and afforded more air and light, with less warmth and moisture. If room cannot be found for these in the greenhouse just now, owing to its being crowded with chrysanthemums and so forth, they may remain in the frame for a time, but should have less water given to them, and the sash be drawn partially off, or else tilted high at the back on all fine warm days. Coleus, alternantheras, iresenes, and a few others should be kept in a steady warmth of 60 deg. to 70 deg. throughout the winter. If not already done, any arum lilies, abutilons, and any other greenhouse subjects that have been planted out of doors for the summer should be taken up, placed in well-drained pots, and removed to the greenhouse.

Fuchsias

are comparatively hardy, and will be safe enough for some time to come. Indeed, in a light, warm, and well-drained soil they may be left in the ground all winter, and will reappear in the spring with tolerable certainty; only when treated in this rough and ready fashion they frequently do not recommence to grow until the summer is so far advanced that autumn has set in before any flowers are afforded. By-the-way, how few, even of educated people, spell the name of this graceful and popular plant correctly! Though such a simple word, it seems to be quite a puzzle, and I have noticed repeatedly that most of those who have not found out the secret spell it either *fuschia* or *fushcia*. Remember that the plant was called after Fuchs, a German botanist, and you cannot go wrong.

Old Plants

of zonal pelargoniums, from which cuttings have already been taken, should be taken up and potted before they are injured by frost. These old stumps often come in extremely useful, and supply a number of cuttings in the spring. Place them in the smallest-sized pots in which the roots can be got comfortably, with a little fresh soil round them, and after the first good watering keep them somewhat dry. Bulbs of

Hyacinths,

tulips, narcissus, and others of this class should now be purchased and potted for winter and early spring flowering. Place one strong bulb of the first in a 4½-in. or 5-in. pot, or three of medium size in a 6-in. one. Narcissi may be treated in the same way—that is, the larger flowering kinds, and also those of the polyanthus section; but the small-growing kinds should be planted thickly in pans. Tulips of the dwarf early-flowering kinds should be placed five in a 5-in. pot; but the market-growers usually force these in shallow boxes and pot them when in bloom, as by this means they get them all of the same height and at the same stage. The pretty little white and deliciously fragrant

Roman Hyacinths

must not be forgotten. If potted or planted now, they may be had in full bloom by Christmas. Place three or four bulbs in a 5-in. pot, or one strong one in the 4-in. size. Do not make the soil too hard for any of the above, nor give them any water unless the soil is very dry (and that it should not be), and, when all are done, stand them on a hard bottom of ashes or slates, and cover them with about eight inches of fine sweet ashes or cocoanut-fibre refuse. Some varieties of the beautiful

Christmas Roses

(hellebores) will shortly be commencing to expand their elegant blossoms. There are several varieties besides the common H. niger, which flower in succession from October until the following February or March, and afford flowers varying slightly in hue and considerably in size. The flowers will open more or less kindly, even in the depth of winter, in the open air, with no more shelter than that afforded by neighbouring shrubs; but under the shelter of a glass roof they become very much larger and purer in colour, besides expanding slightly earlier as well. An excellent plan is to grow them in tubs or large shallow pots, which should stand in the open air during the summer, and be removed to a cool greenhouse or pit to bloom. The proper time for planting these delightful subjects is in April—it is no use to attempt it now; but in any case the less they are disturbed at the root the better.

Vegetable Garden.

The frost has already crippled the scarlet-runners, vegetable marrows, and other tender things in many places, and a general clearance and preparation for winter will shortly have to be made. Potatoes should be all out of the ground and safely stored away, but beet, carrots, parsnips, scorzonera, and other root crops, though fully grown, will be safe enough in the ground for another month at least. Some of the best roots of the first and last mentioned may be pulled for use as required, but take care not to break even the smaller roots of beet in lifting them: if injured they will bleed a good deal, and lose their colour. Any

Vacant Plots

from which crops of potatoes, peas, beans, &c., have been taken should be cleared of weeds and rubbish, and thoroughly trenched to a depth of at least two or, if possible, three feet as soon as time can be spared to do it. Every part of the vegetable garden should be well trenched and manured at least once a year, or after every second crop.

I have been asked to state in what way the chemical manure I recently recommended should be applied. To give the best results, about half of the superphosphate and all the soot should be scattered in the drills when planting the sets, and the rest distributed on each side of the rows and hoed in at the first earthing up.

B. C. R.

HUMOUR AND FANCY.

LORD DUNDREARY'S JOKES.

BY STEPHEN FISKE.

ON or off the stage Sothern was more fond of practical jokes than of anything else in life, except "Dundreary." To be safe with him it was necessary to impress him with the idea that you would not submit to a joke without prompt retaliation. This understood, he would accept you as an accomplice, instead of a victim. One evening, just as the audience were going into the St. James's Theatre, a dray, drawn by four horses, blocked the street and unloaded an immense sugar hogshead in front of the door. Carriages were stopped; people could not get to the box-office; the confusion was worse confounded. When I had regulated matters by having the hogshead rolled away, I happened to touch it, and found that it was empty. Inside was tacked an ordinary note from Sothern, inviting me to dine with him at my convenience. The next day I hired two drays and bought two loads of the largest packing-cases to convey my card and a formal acceptance of his kind invitation. The stage-door of the Haymarket Theatre is in a court, and the packing-cases filled that court so effectually that the actors and actresses had to get to their rooms through the front door. Afterwards, his invitations came by mail or messenger.

* * * * *

To his ingenuity and liberality Sothern added a command of feature and a personal magnetism in carrying out a joke that were marvellous. He gave a dinner-party, and enjoined upon me to come a few minutes late, and to show no astonishment at anything I saw when I entered the room. As soon as my ring was heard, Sothern rose and told the company to get under the table—"Quick—hide yourselves—and have a big joke on Fiske." They obeyed. I was ushered in, and saw Sothern sitting at the head of the table, a dozen chairs pushed back; a dozen soup-plates half-emptied. Warned by his eyes and finger, I took my place quietly, and began the usual table-talk. One by one the other guests crept from underneath the cloth, and resumed their seats. Sothern winked at each one of them, and the dinner went on without an explanation. But to see the faces of those fellows as they looked piteously at Sothern, as who should say, "Where does the joke come in?" nearly killed me with suppressed laughter. After dinner, Sothern took each man aside, and assured him that it was all my fault—I hadn't noticed anything out of the way, and, therefore, the joke had failed.

THE DOCTOR'S WAY.

A FRIEND of mine laid down the medical law the other day. He said the first thing a doctor finds out when you send for him is your pet taste, habit, article of diet, or beverage. Then he orders you to stop it. If you are not a very good patient, you have got to do it. But, said my friend, I know a man who was a little sick the other day, and consulted a doctor. "Stop drinking whisky," said the doctor. "Is it as serious as that?" asked the man in alarm. "Yes, it is." They had a bottle of wine, some fine cigars, and a long chat, and the doctor became very agreeable. When he got up to go, the patient said: "I wish there was something else beside whisky I could stop." "You see—well, I don't know," said the doctor. "Let me see. Do you eat butter?" "Yes." "Then stop butter, and go on with the whisky. Good day."

Mrs. Carmichael Stopes to conquer. [Ahem!] Mrs. Stopes read a paper to the British Association at Newcastle, in which she said:—

Fashion blinded the eyes of its votaries. Comparisons she had made of the notes taken by different corset-makers enabled her to say that during the last twenty-five years the female waist had decreased in size by ten inches. It was worthy of consideration whether women from any motive were justified in following fashion to an extent that not only injured their own health, but tended to lower the physique of a whole nation.

"I am proud to say, Ma, dear, that the darlings take after me in every way. Would you believe it, even Flossie, the youngest, is getting quite a genteel waist already through my early use of the corset—which also keeps them aristocratically delicate of limb and complexion?"

A DELICATE SUBJECT: THE QUESTION OF LADIES' WAISTS.

THE QUICKER THE BETTER.

SHE came into the room with her silken robes trailing after her across the marble floor. Her tawny hair was gathered in a golden blowse at her neck. Her opaline eyes gleamed through the mist like the sun shining through a vermuth cocktail.

She had the hips of an Urquhart and the shoulders of a Jansen.

She was well fixed.

Suddenly her eyes fell upon him as he lay, face down, across the polished whiteness of the tiles, his lurid bath-robe writhily entwining his pajaumed limbs. Her hand went to her throat, and she was very still. A cup stood upon the table beside him, and something like steel gleamed in his clenched white hand.

"Speak to me, Nadrovine!" she cried in a hoarse whisper, and fell in a tremulous heap, with the usual thud, winding her arms convulsively about his Seventh-regiment neck.

He turned his face wearily towards her, and there was a great red gash across the Gothic granite of his cheek.

"'Tis nothing," he said, and then she knew it all.

He had been trying to shave himself with a patent safety razor.

A SMALL APPETITE.

AT dinner the other day in some of the sea waves, which, by-the-way, were rollicking in the sunshine that day rather than sad, I happened to remark to my vis-à-vis that I guessed he was disgusted at my enormous appetite. With an appetite sharpened keenly by the salt air, I had alarmed myself even by disposing of an immense steak.

"Do not apologise," replied my friend. "I have been trotting a few heats with Captain French, of Atlantic City, and large appetites will never excite my surprise again. You know Captain French?"

"No. I regret to say I don't," I replied.

"Then you have not met one of the largest lions Atlantic City possesses. He is an old sea-dog; was a captain for years and years, and still lives in sight of the sea, or on it in his sloop. About fifty-five years old, he weighs 375 lb., and he is built on massive lines. When I met him a week or two ago, about the first thing he said to me was:—

"'I told my wife I wasn't feeling well this morning, and I dropped down to the Hotel Malatesta for breakfast. All I could get away with was 157 clams and about half a pound of pork.'

"Another day I was with him at Grassy Bay, when he ate five or six pounds of perch—a fish of which he is very fond—and about four pounds of beefsteak. After seeing him do this, I was not surprised to hear that, in view of the fact that his family also possess healthy appetites, he buys a whole ox when he wants a little meat for the table at home.

"Mind you, this is not fiction. Any frequenter of Atlantic City will tell you that I am not exaggerating. Another time Captain French was invited out to dinner with five or six friends. As the party sat down to dinner, the host at the head of the table, before whom a fine goose was set, said:—

"'Now, gentlemen, help yourselves.'

"Captain French took him at his word, and, quietly drawing to him the goose, held on to it till its bones were clean enough for pipe-stems. So I beg you won't apologise for any little appetite you may be able to show."

ROMAUNT OF A HAIRPIN.

GRAY little Quaker, quiet eyed,
Cooped in the corner of a car,
I watched you leaf from leaf divide
In that poor novel "Like a Star."
Your paper-knife, I do declare,
Was but a hairpin from your hair.

And while the hairpin led the way,
I saw you smile from page to page,
And nod your head as if to say:
"This story doth my heart engage."
But suddenly, unlike a lamb,
You shut the volume with a slam.

What did the precious heroine do?
Prove false, though most divinely fair?
Or die untimely? Would I knew
That I might make the placid air
Wherein that novelist exists
A very hurricane of fists.

Ah! would that I might pen a tale,
All fashioned for your ears alone:
A little ship with silver sail
From sapphire seas of Eros flown.
But no! You put the hairpin back,
And left the train at Hackensack!

OVERHEARD ON THE BEACH.

FIRST COLOURED GENTLEMAN—Mornin', Mr. Johnsing. What yer doin' now? Whitewashin'?

Second Coloured Gentleman—No, Sah. I've left the field of manual labour, Sah, an' am now earnin' my living by headwork, Sah.

F. C. G.—So? Preachin'?

S. C. G.—No; I'm the African dodger at the shootin'-gallery, Sah.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHED.

GAY WIDOW'S DAUGHTER: "Mamma, why did you tell Mrs. Lamode that I am only eighteen, when I am really twenty-four?"

Gay Widow: "Because eighteen is six years under twenty-four, my dear."

Daughter: "Yes, I know; but surely I don't need the benefit of those six years at my age, do I?"

Widow: "Not at all, my child; but I do."

EVERY MAN and WOMAN in SEARCH of HEALTH and STRENGTH, and Sufferers from any Disorder of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys should procure at once one of

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

They weigh only a few ounces, are very Comfortable to wear, and impart Strength and Vitality to every nerve and muscle of the body.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS have been in use for nearly a quarter of a century, and have proved an inestimable blessing to suffering humanity in all parts of the world. They are constructed on strictly scientific principles, are guaranteed to generate mild continuous currents which are imperceptible to the senses, and convey no shock to the system. They are positively the only bona-fide curative galvanic belts which the public may purchase with safety. Sceptics should call and see them tested at the Company's Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, *in an article published in* "HEALTH," *writes*:—

"THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S Belt has been frequently recommended as a genuine electrical appliance, which the public may purchase with safety and satisfaction. **In these days of electrical quackery it is highly satistory to find such an enterprise for the development of electrical manufacture on a large scale so successfully carried out at their commodious premises (52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.)**"

Write for a Copy of Pamphlet, "THE MEDICAL USES OF ELECTRICITY," Free by Post.

THEY CURE
NERVOUS WEAKNESS,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
NEURALGIA,
DEBILITY, &c.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," Sept. 8, 1888:—

"The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness, and the elaborate and beautifully fitted operating and consulting rooms at the Company's extensive 'Electropathic' and Zander Institute at the corner of Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of medical electricity, and this magnificent building is now one of the most interesting sights in London. We would advise visitors from the country and others to call and personally inspect the premises, and have the various electropathic appliances and electric batteries explained to them."

Write for a Copy of Pamphlet, "THE MEDICAL USES OF ELECTRICITY," Free by Post.

THEY CURE
RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS,
LIVER & KIDNEY DISORDERS,
INTERNAL WEAKNESS,
HYSTERIA, &c.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

The following are a few brief extracts from the **THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS** *received from all classes of society. Our readers are cordially invited to call and see the originals at the Company's Only Address*—**THE ELECTROPATHIC and ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.**

A BARRISTER'S OPINION.—F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says: "Dear Sir,—I have only been waiting until my complete recovery to give a testimony to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. When I first consulted you, three years ago, I had almost resigned hope of being anything but a complete invalid all my life. At that time my vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. From the time I put myself in your hands my improvement was rapid. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health."

DEBILITY.—WILLIAM SHIMMIN, Esq., 4, Goth-street, Liverpool, writes, Dec. 3, 1888: "Since wearing your Electropathic appliance my health has greatly improved. I am much better and stronger than I have felt for years."

WEAK BACK AND SEVERE HEADACHES.—Miss M. RAMSEY, 55, Wenlock-st., Hoxton, N., writes, April 4, 1889: "The effect was wonderful—I feel like a different person."

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION & PALPITATION.—HENRY GARDNER, Esq., Coton Hill, Shrewsbury, writes, March 9, 1889: "The Electropathic Belt, which I had on Feb. 19, has done me an immense deal of good. I enjoy better health now than I have done for the last twelve years."

NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND GIDDINESS.—Mrs. F. COTON, Woodville, Sandford-road, Mossley, writes, March 7, 1889: "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I am much better. Have had more sleep and less sickness."

A WELL-KNOWN LADY'S OPINION.—Mrs. E. F. OSBORNE, The Hollies, Newark-upon-Trent, writes: "Dear Sir,—The Electropathic Abdominal Belt I had, upon your advice, has had a wonderful effect upon the circulation, and improving the general vitality of the system. My daughter has also completely recovered. You will no doubt remember she was suffering from anæmia, but since wearing the Electropathic Belt has become quite strong, and can walk miles without fatigue. You can refer any patient to me."

MEN AND WOMEN who wear HARNESS' world-famed ELECTROPATHIC BELT find that it **INVIGORATES THE DEBILITATED CONSTITUTION**, Stimulates the Organic Action, Promotes the Circulation, **ASSISTS DIGESTION**, and promptly Renews that Vital Energy the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. **ITS HEALING PROPERTIES** are Multifarious; it **STIMULATES** the Functions of Various Organs, Increases their Secretions, gives Tone to Muscle and Nerves, Relaxes Morbid Contractions, **IMPROVES NUTRITION**, and Renews Exhausted Nerve Force. Acting Directly on the System it Sustains and Assists its Various Functions, and thus Promotes the **HEALTH AND VIGOUR OF THE ENTIRE FRAME.**

MR. C. B. HARNESS, **the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electricians, and other officers. Advice may be had in every case, Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters Relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.**

RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE, and those unable to call, should write at once for a Belt or Pamphlet before they forget it.

NOTE THE ADDRESS: THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED,

52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W. (Corner of Rathbone-place.)

THE LARGEST MEDICO-ELECTRIC INSTITUTE IN THE WORLD.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

You've a neat little wife at home, John,
As sweet as you wish to see;
As faithful and gentle-hearted,
As fond as wife can be;
A genuine home-loving woman,
Not caring for fuss or show,
She's dearer to you than life, John;
Then kiss her, and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As likewise your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With buttons where buttons should be.
Her house is a cosy home nest, John,
A heaven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure—
Then kiss her, and tell her so.

She's a good wife, and true to you, John,
Let fortune be foul or fair;
Of whatever comes to you, John,
She cheerfully bears her share;
You feel she's a brave, true helper,
And perhaps far more than you know
'Twill lighten her end of the load, John,
Just to kiss her, and tell her so.

There's a cross-road somewhere in life, John.
Where a hand on a guiding-stone
Will signal one "over the river,"
And the other must go on alone.
Should she reach the last milestone first, John,
'Twill be comfort amid your woe,
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her, and told her so.

AN AMERICAN YARN.

"HAVE you anything to give a poor man, mum?" The voice was that of a wan, haggard, and dilapidated mendicant. Hat in hand, with bowed head and humble mien he stood in the presence of the young housewife. The wind blew through his sandy, unkempt hair, and his toes looked mournfully out through the embrasures in his shoes in a weird, ghostly sort of way that would have drawn a sigh of sympathy from a wax figure of Jesse James or melted the heart of a bridge-tender.

"Have you walked far this morning?" she asked.

"Yes, mum," replied the jaded pilgrim. "I have hoofed it for about ten or 'leven mile."

"Are you hungry?"

"Powerful gant in the stomach, like."

The tender-hearted young woman meditated a few moments.

"I have nothing but a soup bone and some cold tripe to offer you," she said, "but you are welcome to them."

The tourist shook his head sadly.

"Bliged to you, mum," he responded in a hollow voice, "but I'm a vegetarian. Hain't got no ham and eggs, I reckon?"

"I am sorry to say I have not. But stay!" she exclaimed, as the forlorn applicant for charity turned to go. "Wouldn't you like something in the way of clothing, my poor man?"

"Yes'm," he replied gratefully. "If you've got any old clothes about the house I'd be glad to get 'em."

With a light step and a heart full of happiness at the prospect of being able to do good to a suffering fellow-creature she left him and returned presently with a small bundle.

"Here is a garment I heard my husband say he should not wear again," said the young wife. "It is perfectly clean, and just as good as new."

"May I ask what it is, mum?"

"It is a flannel shirt."

"Been washed?"

"Oh, certainly—three or four times."

The battered tramp jammed his hat on his head and went slowly down the steps.

"Madam," he said, with a hopeless, just-as-I-expected intonation in his rich South-Western Missouri voice, "that is the two hundred and sixty-fourth flannel shirt that's been stuck at me since I left East St. Louis, and I've got a pocket full of 'em."

And as the hot sun came out from behind a cloud and beamed down pitilessly on the dusty highway, the weary wanderer took from his saddle-bags a jagged hunk of tobacco, looked at it in a hesitating and uncertain way, put it in his pocket, and started across the street in the direction of a house from which there seemed to emanate, as it were, a suggestion of fried pork.

160 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. 160 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
160 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. 160 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
160 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. 160 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

BEAUFOY & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1730)

are the Makers of the very Finest Malt Vinegar, Distilled Malt Vinegar, and Household Malt Vinegar. **Best, Purest, and Cheapest Obtainable.**

BEAUFOY & CO.

are also selling very largely their Non-Alcoholic Cordials. **PLEASANT and WHOLESOME.** Made in the following flavours: Lime Juice, Lemon, Orange, Ginger, Black Currant, Raspberry, Pineapple, Cherry, Peppermint. All who have tried other Makes and found them unsatisfactory are asked to try **"BEAUFOY'S."**

Of all Grocers, Oilmen, Confectioners, and Chemists Everywhere.

BEAUFOY & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1730),

87, SOUTH LAMBETH-ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, M.P.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, writing to Mr. F. A. Channing, M.P., in reply to a letter of inquiry regarding his health, says:—

I think I am nearly out of the wood,
And towards good health make rapidly tracks,
My dear Channing, thank you.
May we both live to fight
'Gainst the foes of the people for many long years,
Till at length we shall see the great standard of right
Float in triumph o'er publicans, parsons, and peers!

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to BEECHAM'S Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each Box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSEBUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" attested continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS have the largest sale of any patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

As a remedy for Coughs in general, asthma, bronchial affections, hoarseness, shortness of breath, tightness and oppression of the chest, wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled. They are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which slightly deprive the patient of rest.

Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

V.S. V.S. V.S.

SINGER'S NEW VIBRATING SHUTTLE MACHINE

IS THE BEST HOUSEHOLD SEWING MACHINE

Ever Offered to the Public.

IT HAS THE SIMPLEST SHUTTLE, SHORTEST NEEDLE, BEST STITCH ADJUSTMENT, MOST PERFECT TENSION, IS NOISELESS, and MAKES the PRETTIEST STITCH.

COMPLETE ACCESSORIES. HANDSOME CABINET WORK.

EASY TO BUY.
EASY TO LEARN.
EASY TO WORK.

FOR CASH TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT,
OR ON HIRE WITH OPTION OF PURCHASE.

Liberal Allowance for Old Machines.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

MANAGEMENT FOR UNITED KINGDOM,
39, FOSTER-LANE, LONDON, E.C.
AND 497 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

3s. SEWING MACHINE

(Patented No. 7329). Does work which will bear comparison with that of any 45 Machine. No complications: no winding of bobbin; no trouble; no teaching. It will do all the family dressmaking, &c. Sent carriage free, 3s. 6d.: two for 6s. 6d.; extra needles 6d. and 1s. per packet. Address SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dep., 55, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using MRS. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post-free and free from observation, for any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or will be sent (with directions), free from observation, post-free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post-free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

CURE OF DEAFNESS, Noises in the Ears, Stammering and Stuttering, and other nervous ailments. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON may be consulted personally or by letter, free of cost. New Treatise, post-free, 6 stamps.—2, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

Seasonable Delicacy.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

With Stewed Fruit.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY IS CHEAPER THAN EVER,
supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 30, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station; and all orders to the amount of £1, carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town by our own vans daily. Five per cent discount allowed off all goods sold and delivered at the counter when amounting to 10s. and upwards.

FOR BREAKFAST.
THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
"MARAVILLA" COCOA.
Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA.
Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
PURE CONDENSED COCOA.
AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.
Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS,
MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.
Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

AFTER USE. AFTER USE.

LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURE of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 3d. P.O. preferred.
T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
The Safest Medicine.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Sick Headaches and Giddiness.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Indigestion and Flatulency.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Lassitude and Nervous Depression.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
Restore the Appetite and Promote Digestion.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
The best family aperient medicine.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
Mild but effectual.
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS. Some unscrupulous persons, for the sake of making a larger profit, may try to persuade you to buy some preparation of their own. Do not do so, but insist on having Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills, which are wrapped in a square green package, bearing the name of the Proprietor, W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour-place, London, W.

GIVEN AWAY, On and After SEPT. 4, with every 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK, a Voucher entitling Purchaser to their Name in Full or Monogram Rubber Stamp for marking linen or stamping paper. Sold everywhere, or direct from works. Try John Bond's Ebonite Marking Ink. No heating required.—75, Southgate-road, London, N. Rubber Stamp Maker to the Trade.

DRURY-LANE. — AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Sole Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, at 7.30, THE ROYAL OAK, by Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris. Mrs. Winifred Emery, Miss Ada Neilson, Miss Sybil Grey, Miss Venie Atherton, and Miss Fanny Brough; Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Luigi Lablache, Mr. E. W. Gardiner, Mr. Henry Loraine, Mr. F. Dobell, Mr. R. C. Lyons. Mr. Fred. Thomas, Master Frank Stephens, and Mr. Harry Nicholls, &c. Box-office open daily, Ten to Six.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening at Eight. LONDON DAY BY DAY, by Geo. R. Sims and Percy Fitzhitt. Doors open at 8 Seven. Farce at 7.15. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

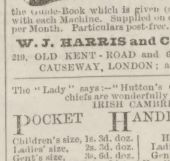
SIX CABINET PORTRAITS, 3s.; Three for 2s. Twelve Carte Portraits, 2s. 9d. Six for 1s. 4d. Eight-inch Enlargement, 3s.; Three for 6s. Send Carte or Cabinet and Postal Order, and you will promptly receive Highly Finished Copies with Original. FRANCIS and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London.

THE "PARKER" UMBRELLA (Registered).
Patronised by Royalty.
5000 SILK UMBRELLAS,
2s. 6d. each, direct from the Manufacturers. Ladies' and Gents'; Plain or Twill Silk; Parker's hollow Ribbed Frames, beautifully carved and mounted sticks. Sent, Parcel Post free, 2s. 9d. or 36 stamps. 15,000 Sold in Twelve Months. Re-covering, &c., neatly done.—J. B. PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield.

EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND BY STEAMER.
FREE PASSAGES are granted to FEMALE SERVANTS, Housemaids, Laundresses, Cooks, &c., of good character, between seventeen and thirty-five years of age, on payment of £1 for ship kit and fare to depôt in London, all of whom are in great demand in the Colony, and receive wages from £20 to £30 per annum, and board and lodging. An experienced Matron accompanies each steamer, and, on arrival, passengers are received into the Government depôt, free of cost.
Assisted passages are also granted to approved females, such as nurses, seamstresses, &c., and to labourers whose labour is connected with the land, such as farm servants, gardeners, miners, navvies.
Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to
THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND,
Westminster Chambers,
Victoria-street, London, S.W.
All persons who pay their own passages to the Colony should apply for LAND ORDER WARRANTS. Forms and particulars to be obtained from the shipping Firms looking the passengers, or from the Agent-General for Queensland.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1850, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand, and Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £200. No charge for keeping accounts. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

DO NOT FAIL
to send for design showing exact size of our
DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.



WORKS BY HAND OR TREADLE.
Only 40s. Complete.
Warranted for 4 years. Especially adapted for tailoring and Family Sewing, and so simple as to require no instruction beyond the Guide-Book which is given (and all accessories) with each Machine. Supplied on easy terms—at 5s. per Month. Particulars post-free.
W. J. HARRIS and CO., Limited,
209, OLD KENT-ROAD and 63, NEWINGTON-CAUSEWAY, LONDON; and Branches.

The "Lady" says:—"Hutton's Cambric Handkerchiefs are wonderfully cheap."
IRISH CAMBRIC
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Children's size, 1s. 3d. doz.		Hemstitched.	
Ladies' size,	2s. 3d. doz.	Ladies' size,	2s. 11d.
Gent's size,	3s. 6d. doz.	Gent's size,	4s. 11d.

Samples and Price-List of Plain and Hemstitched and Hand-Made Irish Linen free. All parcels carriage paid.
G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
"USED NOW IN ALL THE ROYAL NURSERIES."

BLINDS from £3 5s. Westlake's self-acting SHOP BLINDS command the largest sale in the world, and are the best and cheapest in London. Payable £1 monthly; discount for cash.—WESTLAKE, 147 and 149, Great College-st., Camden Town.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets, Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., sent carriage paid.
G. BUTLER, 29, Haymarket, London.
Illustrated Catalogues, 60 pages, sent post-free.

BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE, 10 per cent discount. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA
NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

FOREMEN, TIMEKEEPERS, RAILWAY MEN, POLICE SERGEANTS, CLERKS, and all men of influence among the working-classes WANTED EVERYWHERE to form KENDAL and DENT'S highly successful Clubs for Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver-Plated Goods, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, Perambulators, Overmantels, Sewing-Machines, &c. Members pay 1s. per week. Splendid value, 6000 clubs in successful operation. Wholesale prices. Apply to KENDAL and DENT, Watch Manufacturers, 105, Cheapside, London. Great success in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

WATCHES. — In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Auctioneer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.
WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years' warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.
500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, solid lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.
150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 20s.; usual price, £4 4s. 10 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, 25s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

NAMES FOR BOOKS.
100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps.
R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

A BOON TO INVENTORS.
Large Incomes are made from Patented Ideas. Fees under new Act are now reduced either for simple or intricate matters. Sales and advances. Pamphlet free. Address—SECRETARY, British and Foreign Patent Offices, Poets'-corner, Westminster. Established 25 years.

AS we grow old marks under the eyes are apparent. This is altered by using ROSS'S SKIN TIGHTENER, 3s. 6d.; post-free 4s. Chemists; or ROSS, 21, Lamb's-Conduit-street, W.C.

TO STOUT PEOPLE
OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs.
A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application.
"The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Med. Review.
E. K. LYNTON, Bloomsbury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

WORTH £100 GRATIS.

GIVEN GRATIS TO ALL.

The following important fact cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E.B.P., of Bradford, has for some time past and is now giving the Hop prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a stamp for post-ge. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 10d. make a quart of this marvellous medicine, and for 1s. 3d. can make two quarts, sufficient to serve for two weeks. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partly paralysed have been relieved or cured with this prescription, others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who could not eat have had their appetite restored; people who had suffered for years with indigestion and its consequences have had their digestive powers restored; people who have suffered martyrdom with a disordered liver, nervous debility, &c., have been cured; people subject to an accumulation of wind and water have found it disappear under its influence. A gentleman at Lincoln subject to fits fortnightly has not had a fit from the first moment he began taking it. People troubled for years with constipation have had their bowels become regular under its influence. It is a choice, rare, remarkable remedy. The prescription is simple, it is cheap, it is good. Those who haven't sent for it should. It will be found safe, sure, and reliable in almost all ailments incident to the human frame. It is a tonic, alterative, and an aperient combined of marvellous curative properties. These important facts may seem incredible, but it has done far more than is here claimed for it, proof of which is sent with each Prescription. Thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path, and it is given absolutely free of charge to all applicants, rich or poor, who send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self-treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well-regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible persons who desire to know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD. E.B.P., 479, Manchester-road, Bradford, Yorks. When writing name this paper.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all around seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all around seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC.

FOOLS TAKE PHYSIC to ruin their constitution. WISE people take the Hop compound for BITTERS. It harmonises with Nature, brightens the intellect, throws off languor and drowsiness, sharpens the keen edge of appetite, arouses into action the mainsprings of life, and makes all around seem bright and happy. The prescription is given free of charge on receipt of stamp for postage, by S. GOULD, E.B.P., Bradford, Yorks.

WORTH £100 GRATIS.

GIVEN GRATIS TO ALL.

The following important fact cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E.B.P., of Bradford, has for some time past and is now giving the Hop prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a stamp for post-ge. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 10d. make a quart of this marvellous medicine, and for 1s. 3d. can make two quarts, sufficient to serve for two weeks. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partly paralysed have been relieved or cured with this prescription, others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who could not eat have had their appetite restored; people who had suffered for years with indigestion and its consequences have had their digestive powers restored; people who have suffered martyrdom with a disordered liver, nervous debility, &c., have been cured; people subject to an accumulation of wind and water have found it disappear under its influence. A gentleman at Lincoln subject to fits fortnightly has not had a fit from the first moment he began taking it. People troubled for years with constipation have had their bowels become regular under its influence. It is a choice, rare, remarkable remedy. The prescription is simple, it is cheap, it is good. Those who haven't sent for it should. It will be found safe, sure, and reliable in almost all ailments incident to the human frame. It is a tonic, alterative, and an aperient combined of marvellous curative properties. These important facts may seem incredible, but it has done far more than is here claimed for it, proof of which is sent with each Prescription. Thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path, and it is given absolutely free of charge to all applicants, rich or poor, who send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self-treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well-regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible persons who desire to know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD. E.B.P., 479, Manchester-road, Bradford, Yorks. When writing name this paper.

THE TROUBLES OF DARNING ABOLISHED

BY PURCHASING THE PATENT

DARNING WEAVER.

Prices: 2s. 6d., small size; 5s. 6d., Larger size, with plated fittings, at any Draper's; or Direct from the Sole Manufacturers,

EDWARDS and BARNES,

BIRMINGHAM,

for Postal Order, 2s. 9d., postage paid; Larger Size, with plated fittings, specially adapted for mending large holes, and doubling knees of Children's Stockings, 5s. 9d., postage paid.

CAN BE WORKED BY A CHILD.

MAKES DARNING A PLEASURE.

ECONOMISES TIME.

CANNOT EASILY GET OUT OF ORDER.

This Wonderful Little Invention has been Favourably Noticed in over 100 *Newspapers and Journals throughout the United Kingdom.*

The Times says: "The result (of using the Weaver) is a perfect darn, which is easily accomplished in something like half the time required in ordinary hand work; the invention is both ingenious and simple, and mitigates the tedious but needful operation of darning."

The Queen says: "A clever little contrivance. . . . absolutely no necessity to try the eyes."

The Lady says: "A perfect boon and blessing to women."

A Sheet of Press Notices and Testimonials sent Purchasers on application.

N.B.—If your Drapers have not got it in stock, they may try to put you off. If you will Order "The Patent Darning Weaver," they can easily get it at any London, Manchester, or Glasgow warehouse.

CAUTION.—Anyone offering for Sale an Imitation of this Patent will be proceeded against.

"WHY, I'VE FINISHED BEFORE YOU'VE HALF DONE."